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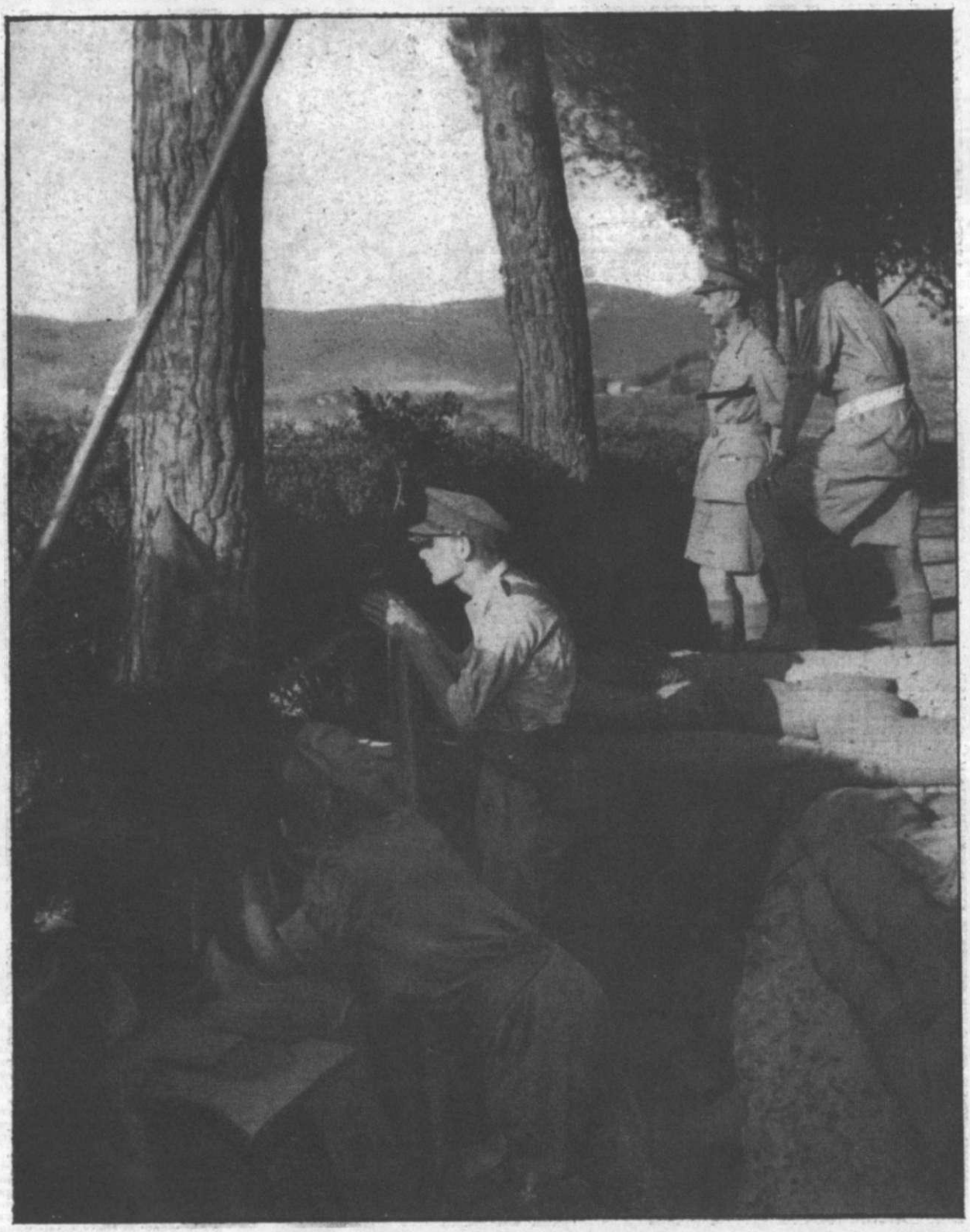
SIXPENCE

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

SEPTEMBER 1, 1944



OUR KING IN ITALY (background) watched with keen interest, from a forward observation post, shells bursting during an artillery duel in a target area some four miles beyond the 8th Army front line, north of Arezzo, which was captured on July 16, 1944. His Majesty went to Italy on July 23, and spent twelve days visiting units of the Navy, Army and R.A.F. as well as the Dominions and Allied forces. He returned to Britain on August 3. *Photo, British Official*

Our Roving Camera sees Women at War Overseas

WEATHER CLERK W.A.A.F. (above) is attached to a Middle East Meteorological Unit. With a theodolite she checks the speed of the wind which, together with other conditions, must be known, with the nearest approach to certainty, before a plane may take off. During his visit to Italy, from July 23 to Aug. 3, 1944, H.M. the King inspected W.R.N.S. officers of a shore base in the Naples area (right).

CANADIAN NURSING SISTERS (above) make themselves comfortable under canvas in a field in Normandy. Inside their tent is a ground-sheet-lined slit trench as protection against any shrapnel which might come their way. Personal belongings give a touch of home to rough-and-ready military surroundings.

BEACH-HEAD W.A.A.F.s (above) make friends with a little French girl and villagers living near their station in Normandy. Background to the meeting is a burnt-out German vehicle—one of hundreds destroyed during the early stages of our advance. Like other Service women overseas, W.A.A.F.s are engaged in tasks which are speeding the day of final victory

FIRST A.T.S. to arrive in Normandy leave their landing craft at one of the beaches (left) en route to take up duties with General Montgomery's 21st Army Group. Many of the clerk grade went on the special request of the Army officers and branches they had worked with in England, and a specially prepared "luxury camp" awaited their arrival. A.T.S. of 19 or over may volunteer for service abroad.

Photos, British and Canadian Official

THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

THE great Western offensive has at last begun, and up to the time of writing has made amazing progress. We are told that the whole operation has so far followed broadly the course planned many months ago, but in detail its development must have depended on the skilful leadership of Generals Eisenhower and Montgomery and on the high qualities of their subordinate commanders and troops. The campaign is evidently now entering on a new and highly mobile phase in which it is impossible yet to predict developments, particularly the course the enemy will attempt to take.

It seems certain that if Hitler remains in supreme control he will at all costs attempt to retain possession of the bases from which his flying bombs and rockets are discharged. His military advisers, on the other hand, now that the outer perimeter defences have been broken, would probably advocate a withdrawal to the inner defences of the Fatherland, concentrating all available forces in the desperate attempt to win a compromise peace and to save the *Reichswehr* from defeat in detail. With the Russians surging forward from the east and the Luftwaffe completely outmatched, it would, however, be a forlorn hope.

Rommel, though his troops have fought with immense determination and skill, has been out-manoeuvred and has time and again been caught on the wrong foot, especially when, induced to believe that Montgomery's main blow would be struck in the east, he was unable to shift his weight in time to check the break-through in the west. The British thrust in the centre from Caumont contributed still further to throw him off his balance. The desperate attempts he, or his deputy after Rommel was wounded, made in numerous fierce counter-attacks to restore equilibrium only served to accelerate the weakening of his strength. The Canadian attack on the Caen front deprived him of his last secure foothold at a time when the gambling counter-attack at Mortain, made by Gen. Hausser, commanding the Seventh Army—possibly a belated and forlorn attempt to cut the communications of the Americans at Avranches—left him with his main armoured reserve desperately weakened and fully committed.

IT should now, I think, be appreciated that the weeks of preparation and stubborn fighting that followed D-Day were amply justified and were not the result of exasperating delay or indecision. When the opportunity to strike home occurred, or I should prefer to say was created, everything was in readiness to exploit it and the blow was delivered in no uncertain manner. It is not yet clear whether the great offensive opened at a pre-arranged moment or whether, as I am inclined to believe, it was started with a brilliant exploitation—by commanders on the spot—of an opportunity that was worked for. Its development seems to show less signs of a set piece programme than of admirable control exercised according to circumstances. No doubt, however, the objectives of the offensive—such as the occupation of Brittany and the capture of its ports—were laid down in the original plan and may have a still unrevealed meaning.

Before the great achievements of D-Day and the two months that followed are obscured by perhaps greater events to come, it may be well to recall what was accomplished in that period. Criticism of what seemed to some to be unnecessary delays may be remembered longer than what had to be done before the offensive could be launched. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that during the period we were opposed by picked troops of the German Army commanded by a general of undoubtedly great capacity, who had had ample time to make his plans and to carry out the defence works he considered essential in a terrain that lent itself to defence. The great feat of carrying the Army across the seas and the landing of the first parties in face of opposition was so obviously a triumph of organization and skilful planning that it must always appeal to the imagination and cannot be forgotten.

I DOUBT, however, if it is fully realized how critical was the four days' battle for the Normandy beaches, during which the enemy's strong points had to be captured and counter-attacks defeated. It was a soldiers' battle which only highly trained troops possessing initiative and the offensive spirit could have won, and it is astonishing that at no point did the landing fail or counter-attacks achieve any considerable success. Rommel had then already suffered a double defeat. He had counted on making the landing practically impossible, and had calculated on annihilating any troops that might reach the shore before they could establish a firm foothold.

Up to that stage, if Rommel had won, our great undertaking would have been a costly failure, but probably not of such a disastrous nature as would have prevented our Supreme Command making another attempt. The danger of the undertaking ending in a really crushing disaster, however, increased as more and more men and equipment were landed, thereby adding to our stake. Rommel's plans had failed, but his army had not been defeated; it might still be used, when its strategic reserves arrived, in an overwhelming counter-offensive. What was the most dangerous phase of the undertaking had yet to be passed. That it was passed successfully was due partly to the air offensive which delayed the arrival of Rommel's reserves and upset the carefully prepared plans for their rapid concentration.

Partly it was due to the speed with which the Navy, in spite of the most adverse weather, continued to pour troops and material on to the beaches. But I think chiefly it was due to the continuous offensive operations conducted by the Army which not only secured more room for defence should Rommel's counter-offensive materialize, but also forced him to employ his powerful armoured force, of great offensive potentialities, in a defensive role, dissipating it in local defensive counter-attacks. During that stage our offensive operations, except those that led to the capture of Cherbourg, were not of a sensational character, but they were directed with admirable generalship and conducted with amazing energy by the troops.

Individually, the attacks could not achieve outstanding victory, but cumulatively they inflicted the third, and strategically perhaps the most decisive defeat on Rommel by preventing the materialization of his counter-offensive. Gradually he was forced into attempting, by purely defensive action, to seal up the Allied Armies in the peninsula. For that course he possessed great facilities. His defensive front was not over-long for the troops he had available to hold it. Its flanks rested securely on the sea, and the terrain lent itself to defence. He had a powerful, highly mobile reserve. His great weakness lay in the inferiority of his air arm.

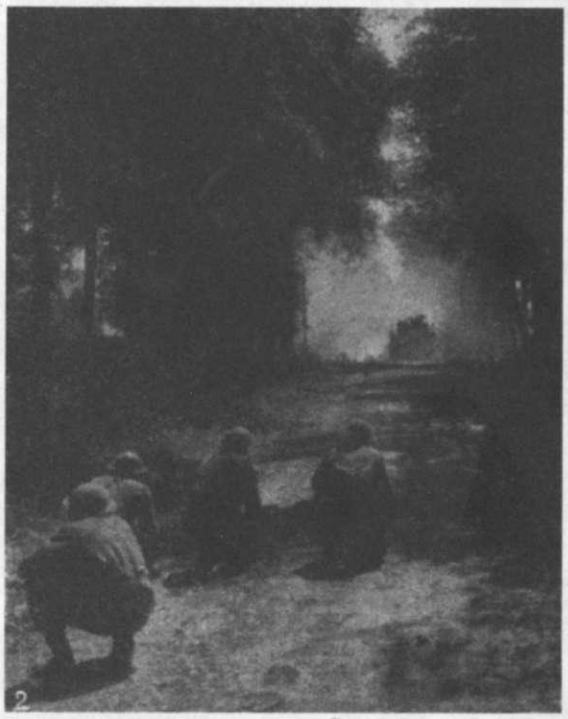
But however strong a defensive position is, defensive action carries with it the inherent disadvantage of loss of the initiative, and the commander of the attacking force can always win a measure of success by concentrating superior power at his selected points. Sooner or later Rommel's seal was bound to crack and to break away from its flank anchorages. But it meant desperately hard and skilfully directed fighting. Now that the seal has been broken and the campaign has entered on a new and more sensational phase, let us not forget the prolonged series of operations that led up to the breaking nor under-estimate their importance.

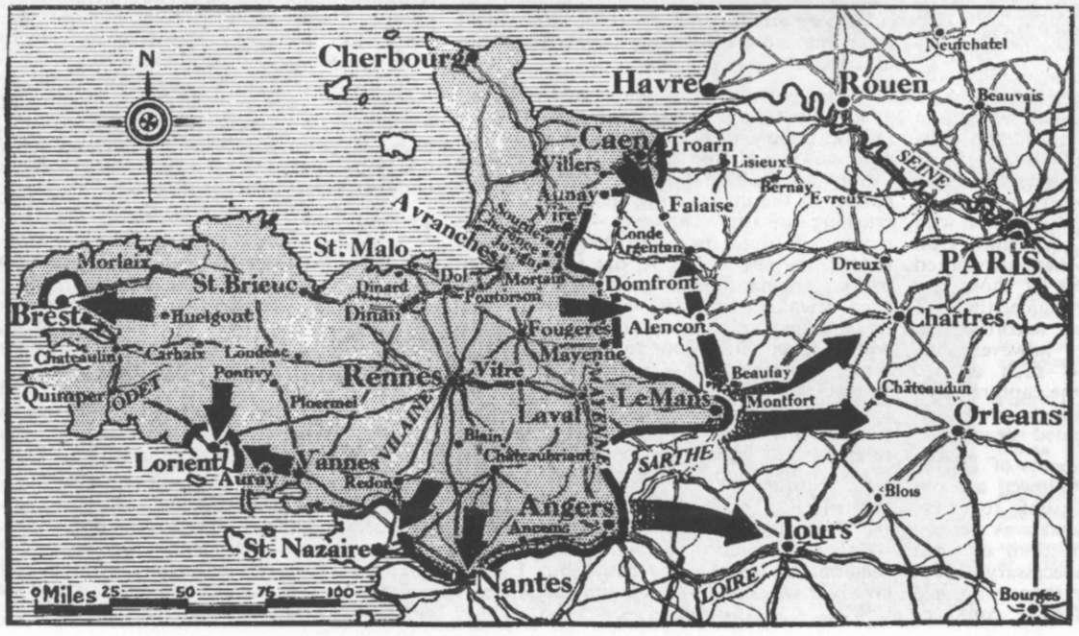
IN FLORENCE, five of the six bridges across the River Arno were destroyed by the Germans in an attempt to delay the Allied advance in Italy. Only the Ponte Vecchio (in the background, above) remained intact; this bridge was rebuilt in 1362 and became famous for the goldsmiths' shops flanking its sides. In the foreground is the smashed S. Trinita bridge. The demolition failed to achieve its purpose. On August 11, 1944, the enemy withdrew from Florence. *Photo, British Official*

IT must now be apparent that a premature attempt to break through would probably have led to costly failure, and even if it had created a breach the opening would have had little value if everything had not been in readiness to exploit it. The volume of the flood which poured through the gap and the strength of the attacks delivered against what remained of Rommel's seal surely give ample evidence that the weeks of preparatory fighting and work were not wasted.

The capture of the Brittany ports and the transfer of General Eisenhower's H.Q. to Normandy suggest that the risk of another opposed landing in Western Europe need not be accepted. Moreover, the capture of stretches of the French railways intact with rolling stock is a great asset secured by the far-reaching nature of the break-through.

Troop Carriers Astride the Caen-Falaise Road





BRITISH AND CANADIAN tanks and carriers, preceded by 1,000 R.A.F. Halifaxes and Lancasters dropping 3,500 tons of bombs on enemy positions on both sides of the Falaise road in Normandy, drove deep on August 8, 1944, into a network of mortar and machine-gun posts which in previous attempts by the Allies had proved impenetrable.

A long line of tanks awaited zero hour (1). Army engineers crouched as a flail tank (see illus. p. 139) cleared mines ahead (2). Troops crowded the new armoured carriers specially built on tank chassis (3), in readiness to advance. By-passing strongholds, the attack was pressed home to the very heart of the defences. Arrowed map shows directions of Allied thrusts on August 14. A week later, Gen. Patton's armoured patrols had reached the outskirts of Paris.

Photos, British Official; P.N.A., Map by permission of the News Chronicle

Anti-Tank Defences Broken by 1st Canadian Army

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY operating as a complete Army, Canadians (until July 31, 1944, included in the British 2nd Army) under the command of Lieut.-General H. D. G. Crerar thrust forward east of the River Orne in Normandy, and by August 8 captured May-sur-Orne, part of a powerful German anti-tank defence line. In carriers (above) they moved to the assault; victory gained, troops relaxed (below) and there was time at last to read a letter from Home.

Photos, British Newspaper Pool, New York Times Photos

THE WAR AT SEA

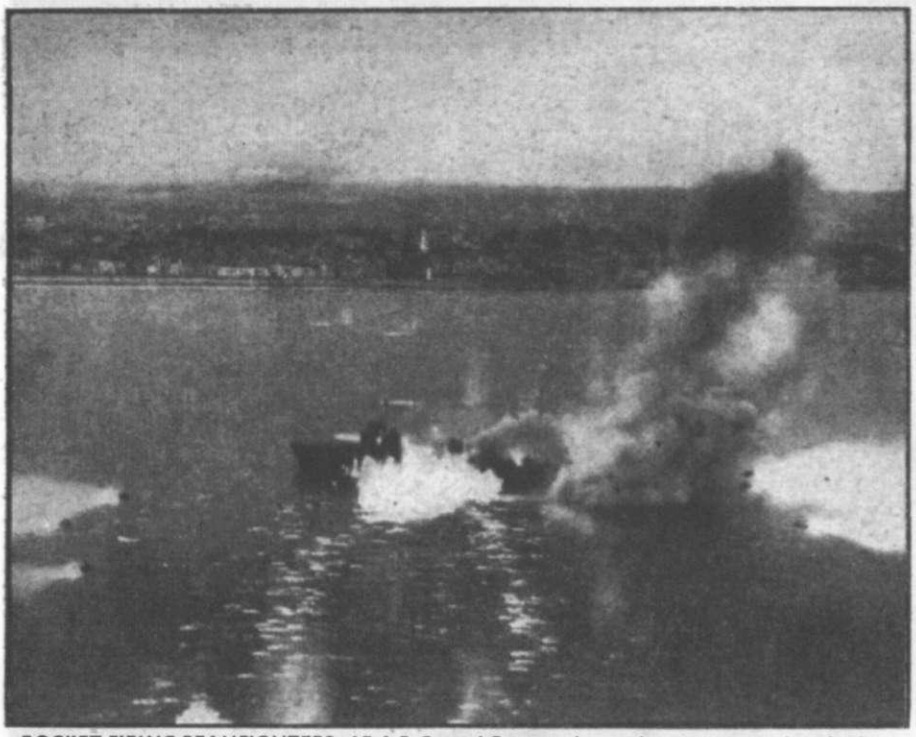
by Francis E. McMurtrie

At the time of writing, certain aspects of the war at sea bear a distinct resemblance to the situation in the autumn of 1918, so far as Germany is concerned. Then as now she was deserted by her principal Allies in Europe. Her heavy ships (though she possessed far more in those days) were in no position to put to sea except as a suicidal measure; and the submarine campaign against shipping had definitely failed. Whether a spirit of revolt is stirring in the *Reichsmarine*, as it was in 1918, still remains to be discovered; but in view of the unrest in the *Wehrmacht* it would not be surprising if, in the larger surface ships at all events, there were no longer any desire to continue the struggle.

Reports that the 45,000-ton battleship Tirpitz has been undergoing steam trials with a view to proceeding from her remote anchorage in the Altenfjord to the Baltic should be received with caution. It is true that with Finland showing signs of dropping out of the war the position of the German forces in the north of Norway is becoming increasingly precarious; but it has to be remembered that the distance from the Altenfjord to the Kattegat is over 1,200 miles. Though it might be hoped to make the passage through the "Inner Leads," or channels between the Norwegian mainland and the islands fringing it, this would not necessarily preclude interception. Recent British attacks by sea and air on shipping around Kristiansund illustrate the very keen watch which is being kept on these waters.

Any attempt to regain the shelter of the Baltic would be for the Tirpitz a counsel of desperation. It may be hoped to retain her more or less intact as a bargaining counter when the time for surrender arrives; but if so, it is only another proof of German misconception of Allied intentions, which are to accept nothing but unconditional submission. In all probability, therefore, the end of the Tirpitz will be similar to that of the Admiral Graf Spee, which scuttled herself in preference to continuing the fight. If the Graf Spee's men lost heart so easily in the early months of the war, no better spirit is to be expected from the crew of the Tirpitz, which, even if it is at full strength, must be thoroughly disheartened after its ship has been disabled first by torpedoes from midget submarines (see illus. p. 649, Vol. 7) and then by bombs from naval aircraft (see pp. 776, 777, Vol. 7). Moreover, in the interim their sole remaining consort, the Scharnhorst, risked a sortie against an Allied convoy, only to be caught in a trap and destroyed. The moral of this event is unlikely to have been missed by the ship's company of the Tirpitz.

Early in November 1918 the U-boat flotillas in the Atlantic and Mediterranean were recalled to Germany in view of the hopeless position. It is possible that before long we may hear of a similar order being given by Grossadmiral Dönitz. Though nearly three times as many U-boats have been built in this war as in 1914-18, already their losses approximate to a similar percentage. Up to the end of July the number destroyed totalled over 500, and today submarine sinkings are more frequent than those of merchantmen—a complete inversion of the state of affairs which formerly obtained.



ROCKET-FIRING BEAUFIGHTERS of R.A.F. Coastal Command never lose an opportunity of crippling or sending to the bottom German shipping they encounter. This photograph was taken during a recent attack; on each side three rockets are seen hurtling towards an enemy escort vessel off the French Biscay coast. She sank shortly afterwards. *Photo, British Official*

Loss of French Atlantic Coast U-Boat Bases Foreshadowed

American occupation or investment of the ports of Cherbourg, Brest, Lorient and St. Nazaire must have been a heavy blow to Dönitz, especially as it foreshadows the loss in the near future of La Pallice, Rochefort and Bordeaux, the other principal U-boat bases on the French Atlantic coast. It was the facilities afforded by these ports, seized by Germany in June 1940 that enabled heavier concentrations of U-boats to be thrown into the Battle of the Atlantic just at the time when the numbers of our escort vessels were drastically reduced by three factors. One of these was the defection of the French Navy; a second, the necessity of reinforcing our Mediterranean Fleet to meet the "stab in the back" from Italy; and the third, the loss of a number of destroyers and the disabling of 70 more in the evacuation of Dunkirk.

It may be assumed that, with the advance of the Allied armies in France, German submarines at sea will have been instructed by wireless not to return to French Atlantic ports but to seek other havens of refuge, such as Trondheim or Bergen. There is no certainty therefore that any large number of U-boats will be found in Brest, Lorient or St. Nazaire, unless under refit and incapable of proceeding to sea. Those suffering from minor defects may be expected to proceed coastwise to La Pallice or the Gironde, or intern themselves in Spanish ports. Any that take the risk of putting straight to sea are likely to encounter Allied patrols, which it may be assumed are keeping the Brittany and Biscay coasts under strict surveillance. Departure at night is no longer a safeguard, for official accounts of U-boat hunts have made it plain that the Royal Navy is equipped with anti-submarine devices which enable touch to be kept with the movements of U-boats during darkness.

Prior to the Allied invasion, there are believed to have been about 100 U-boats based on French Atlantic ports. Perhaps as many have been operating recently in the Mediterranean; those based on Toulon have no doubt fled since the Allies landed in the Riviera. Only a few are thought to be in the Black Sea, to which area they must have proceeded by way of the Danube. Some are in Norwegian waters, and the main reserve is to be found in the Baltic, including older submarines used for training and new ones awaiting crews or undergoing trials.

Disaffection in Higher Ranks Has Been Checked by Himmler

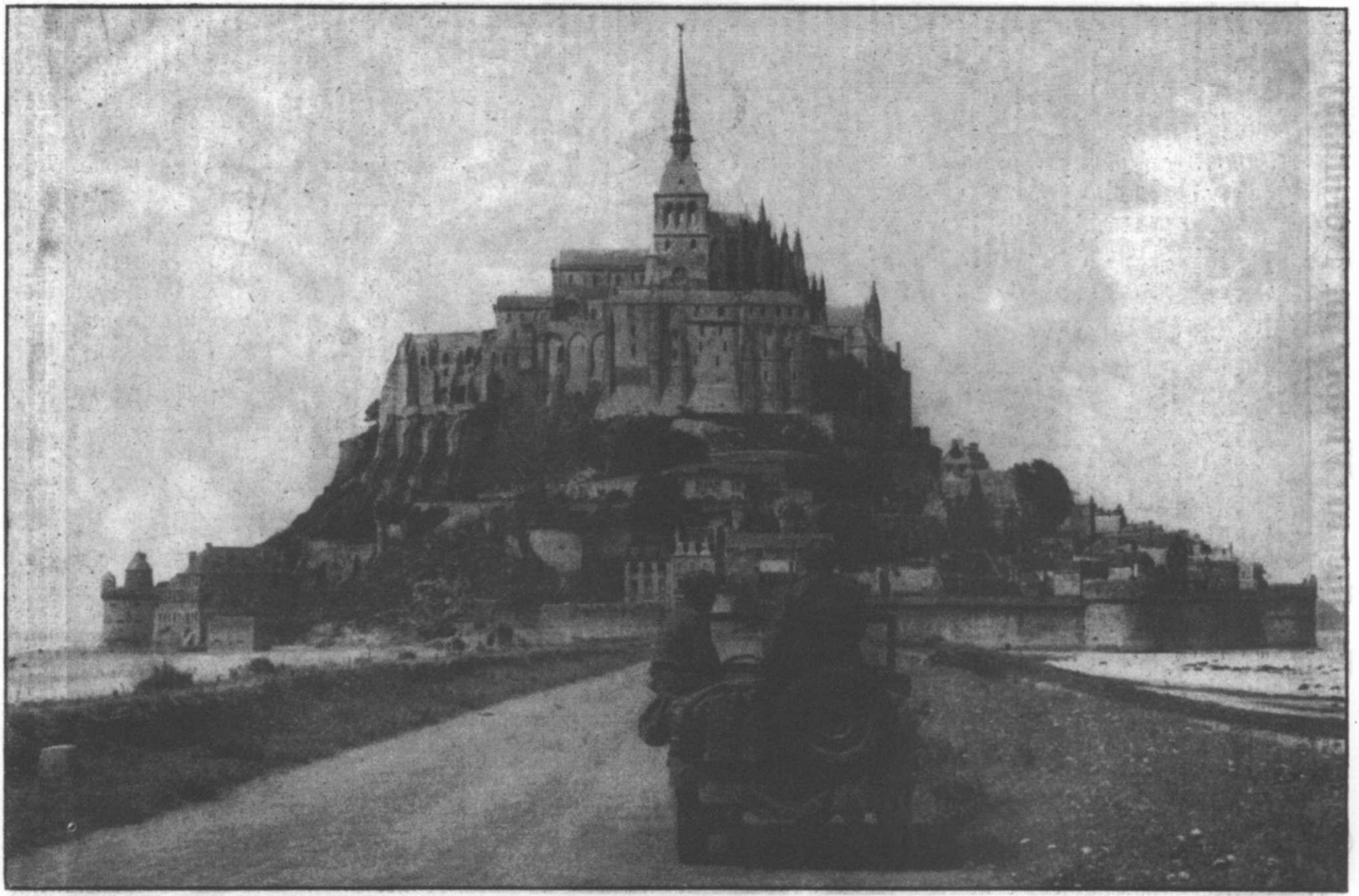
In 1918 the U-boat personnel were the last people to be touched by the disaffection that was rife in the rest of the German fleet. Towards the end of October it was proposed to send the battleships to sea in an effort to restore the morale of their crews by action; but it was too late. A general refusal of duty was impending when one of the larger submarines, U 135, was ordered to proceed to the Schillig Roads, at the mouth of the Elbe, and attack the battleships Ostfriesland and Thüringen, which were in a state of open mutiny. The captain of the submarine discreetly requested orders in writing, and as these were not forthcoming there was no further development beyond the entire collapse of German resistance everywhere. It may not be long before the armed forces of the Third Reich reach a similar frame of mind, though for the moment Himmler seems to have checked the movement in the higher ranks of the services.

Reinstatement on the active list of Admiral Sir J. Somerville is a measure which has something of the flavour of an afterthought. Placed on the retired list less than three months before the outbreak of war, on the recommendation of a medical board, Admiral Somerville took a leading part in the evacuation of British forces from Dunkirk and Boulogne; was in command of Force "H" which held the Western Mediterranean and took convoys through to Malta in 1940-41; and became Commander-in-Chief of the Eastern Fleet after the disaster in which H.M.S. Prince of Wales and Repulse, with Admiral Sir Tom Phillips, were lost. In that capacity he directed recent bombardments of Japanese bases in the Netherlands East Indies.

One-way Traffic to Victory in Normandy

ROADS WERE PACKED with men, tanks and supplies as British forces from the Caen area swept towards the strategic village of St. Martin des Besaces, in an effort to keep up with the retreating Germans. About five miles south of Caumont, St. Martin fell at the start of the 2nd Army's drive, on July 30, 1944. German resistance was fierce, but weight of metal—and the insuperable courage of our men—prevailed, and strong points in this locality were speedily neutralized.

Photo, P.N.A.



AFTER BITING INTO BRITTANY, on August 2, 1944, Gen. Patton's armour sped through Pontorson, 6 miles south of the Gulf of St. Michel, in which lies the historic island of the same name, with its 13th-century town and famous Benedictine abbey, well known to British peacetime tourists. In striking contrast to this picturesque place is the jeep approaching it across the half-mile causeway. The Germans left St. Michel untouched, and it was first entered by three Allied war correspondents. The abbey was founded in 709 by St. Aubert, Bishop of Avranches, obeying the commands of the Archangel Michael, who, appeared in a vision: in his honour it was called "the Abbey of St. Michael, Archangel, of the Peril of the Sea"—apparently referring to fear of inundation. *Photo, Planet News*

Our Hospital Ships on the Cross-Channel Run

Mostly ex-passenger liners of normal build, lacking defence and frequently without escort, rendered vividly conspicuous by giant Red Cross emblems, distinctive colour of hull, and brilliant night illumination, hospital ships are supposed—by international agreement—to be immune from attack. But every voyage may be perilous, as explained here by Capt. FRANK H. SHAW.

WHILST many of the Allied casualties are being carried at speed from the battlefields of Western France to hospitals in Britain by means of air-transport, our hospital ships are in full employment. Their value is inestimable; for though the distance between war and the comparative peace of the base hospital is short—less than an hour by transport aircraft—the seaborne craft afford facilities for expert treatment that are not forthcoming under other circumstances.

Our hospital ships may have an easier time today than they had in the past—the Luftwaffe being half-impotent—but with a desperate enemy struggling to stave off defeat by all means in his power, dastardly attacks on these ships are only too likely to continue. The narrow waters of the English Channel are proving to be one of the world's bitterest battlefields. By all the recognized war-codes, hospital ships are considered immune from enemy attack—the Red Cross they conspicuously display is supposed to render them sacrosanct to belligerent eyes. A hospital ship is simply a floating stretcher, highly magnified; it carries wounded men, and women to minister to them. Such a vessel does not carry even defensive armament, but trusts to her recognition marks for immunity. Even bloodthirsty barbarians have recognized such sanctity.

But the savage, desperate enemy of today has dissociated himself from all the recognized humanities. He has attacked hospital ships regularly—almost systematically, exactly as he has frequently opened fire from the shelter of the raised white flag. The irony of such attacks is that, as often as not, some part of the hospital ship's human cargo is of the same nationality as the attackers; for when the wounded are considered, race, creed and colour no longer enter into the argument. A stricken man is simply an object of sympathy, deserving of ready aid and comfort.

THAT is, to all but Huns or Japanese. Sight of the safeguarding sign—Red Crosses lavishly exhibited, distinctive colouring of hull, night illumination, and so on—appears to breed a Berserk lust in their souls, which can only be satisfied by wanton destruction. Aboard a normal freighting ship conveying reinforcements and supplies across to the Normandy coast, night brings some cessation of anxiety. In the night a darkened-down ship is not easily visible from above, though the throb of her propellers is audible to U-boats' listening devices. Seen from high up there is little likely to betray such a freighter's presence other than the white wake and bow-wave, and the spray thrown by the wind tends to obscure all clear-cut outlines. Only by dropping flares can an aircraft discover its target; and to drop flares is to invite an A.A. barrage.

But in a hospital ship sunset means "Lighten ship!" and she at once becomes vividly conspicuous, observable for miles, both from sea-level and from the stratosphere. The giant Red Cross emblems painted on decks and bridge-awnings, and the high topside at bow and stern are floodlit. This makes her visible from every angle; she is also as audible as the ordinary freighter to the hostile sound-locators. Electrically lit crosses stud her upperworks. Since all Allied vessels darken down at nightfall, it stands to reason that such a radiance of light can indicate only a hospital ship, which, if not full of wounded and sick, is at least hurrying to their succour. Notwithstanding this, a large number of Allied hospital ships have been wantonly destroyed by bomb or torpedo—with all hands.

Axis claims that such vessels are using their safeguarding symbols to camouflage military activities, and that warlike stores are conveyed to the fighting areas in their holds, are, of course, gross lies. A nation that is a past-master in falsehood has excelled itself in making such statements.

BECAUSE the enemy use their own ostensibly sacred vessels for such purposes does not mean that the Allies do. Germans judge us by their own lawless, treacherous standards. So they sink our Red Cross ships without mercy, as a mad dog bites everything within reach, without regard to consequences. The odds against the hospital ship are long. The vessels are highly conspicuous by day and by night. White topsides with the easily recognizable green bands—at a period when practically all seagoing tonnage is either camouflaged or painted battleship grey—and the vivid Cross symbols sufficiently identify her. She is, therefore, easy to attack; and, lacking defence, is as easily destroyed.

H.M. Hospital Ship NEWFOUNDLAND, displacement 6,791 tons, deliberately bombed by the Germans on Sept. 13, 1913, off Salerno, on the coast of Italy. All the doctors, every ship's officer, and five nurses were killed; about 100 U.S. nurses who were aboard escaped.
Photo, British Official

She frequently sails without escort, though the nature of her employment often brings her nearer to the actual firing-line than usually happens with defensively armed merchantmen, for the sooner the wounded can be handed over for the highly skilled attention available aboard, the better their chance of recovery. Many hospital ships close-in almost to the beaches across the Channel, exactly as they did at Salerno and Anzio; and although deliberate sinkings have not thus far been reported from Normandy, off the Italian coast one such ship at least was dive-bombed deliberately—whilst her lights were blazing—and sunk; several others were severely damaged, with loss of life and added pain and suffering to the injured passengers. Other Red Cross ships have been wantonly torpedoed in open water.

The inhumanity of sinking a hospital ship is worse even than assault on a hospital ashore. The helpless patients are deep down in the hull, and their hope of rescue is prejudiced. Many, by reason of their wounds and shell-shock, are not in full possession of their faculties; they suffer cruelly in such attacks, even if by a miracle their lives are preserved. With a ship steaming alone, the hope of rescue is lessened. It is not only the wounded and sick who suffer from these dastardly outrages, but the surgeons, nurses, and hospital orderlies. The actual crews run an equal risk. It may be said, without fear of contradiction, that hospital ships' crews are the bravest of the brave—even in the Merchant Navy. They go into the firing-line weaponless, knowing themselves to be special targets for bestial inhumanity. They do so unflinchingly, because they are merchant seamen, and it is their plain duty.

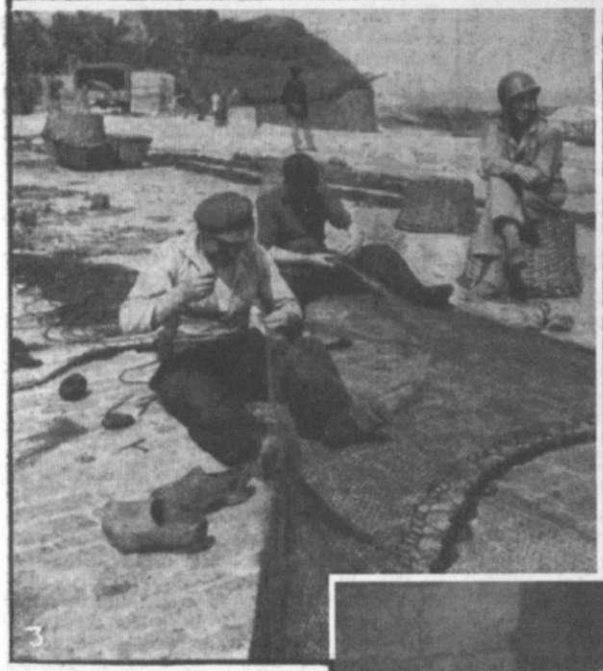
When attack—almost inevitable as the enemy grows more and more desperate—develops, the prime consideration of each ship's crew is to safeguard as many as possible of the helpless passengers. There are many recorded instances of almost incredible self-denial. A bombed ship, below decks, quickly becomes an inferno of fire and wreckage, but the unvoiced creed of every crew is: "Women and wounded first!" Far too often such sacrifices are, alas! in vain. Hospital ships are not specially constructed to withstand attack, they are mostly ex-passenger liners of normal build; and a hit from a bomb or torpedo is as likely to shatter them or break their backs as if they were normal tonnage. The ordinary freighter can hit back, her crew can secure some satisfaction by blazing away at a treacherous enemy, and can—nowadays—practically be confident of help arriving from escort or rescue ships.

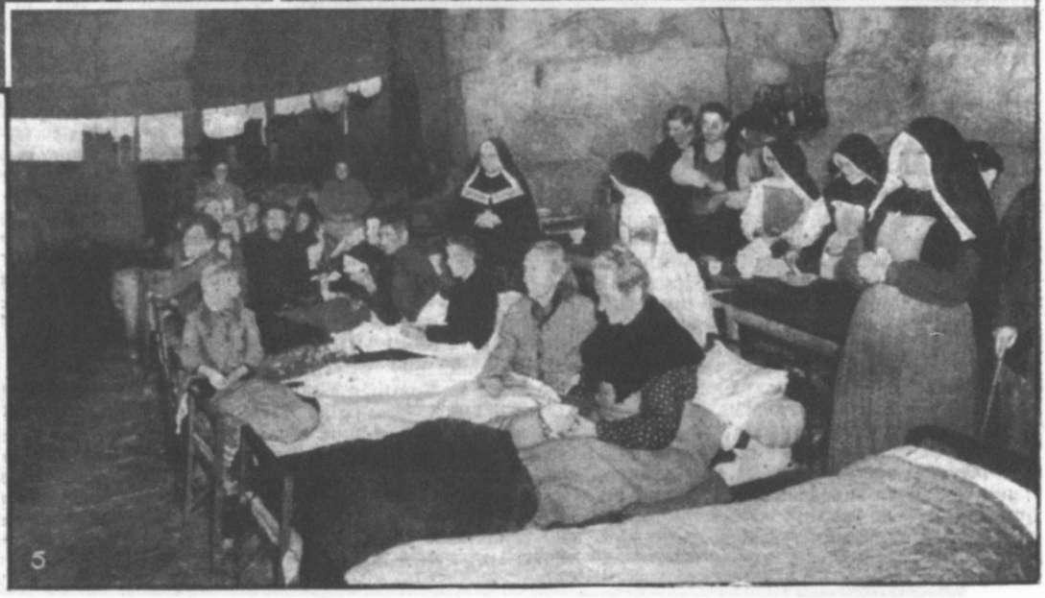
THERE is, accordingly, every justification for arming hospital ships against an enemy who refuses to abide by the laws of the Geneva Convention. There is also every justification for requiring them to sail in complete darkness, since the preservative symbols are disregarded. Innocence is no safeguard against packs of ravening wild beasts. Indeed, it has been shown repeatedly that the advertisement of innocence incites the aggressor to more cold-blooded attacks. Naturally, retribution will be demanded against the perverted criminals responsible for such outrageous excesses. Massacring wounded who should be protected by the Red Cross is a penal offence. The Axis should be warned that not only past but future offences will be punished by death.

There is one way by which hospital ships could be given a fair chance. Ambulance aircraft, conveying wounded from battlefield to base in the present operations, do not carry distinguishing marks, because they are used to ferry war stores from base to battlefield; and if they were so distinguished, the enemy would be able to lay a true accusation against them of masquerading as innocent. Why, therefore, should not hospital ships be similarly utilized? Why not have the characteristic markings painted out altogether, so that they are not required to stand out boldly against the general mass of shipping; and why not arm them defensively, exactly as general freighters are defended against air and submarine attack? If this were done, if the ships were allowed to take a chance equal with their fellow Merchant Navy ships, their hold space could be usefully employed on outward runs for supplying our troops without infringement of the Convention.

When the time comes for punishment of the criminals, the time for adequate reward for hospital ships' crews, from commander to lowest rating, should also arrive, if not before. For a sailor, soldier or airman to rescue wounded under fire more often than not means the award of the Victoria Cross. On this showing, every member of a hospital ship's personnel is a potential V.C.

Purged of the Scourge French Life Begins Anew





IN THE WAKE of our advancing armies there is liberation and renewed hope—antithesis of the oppression and despair spread by the Germans.

At Montebourg, in Normandy, freed on June 19, 1944, a French family await transport to take them back to their homes (1), and calm returns to this refugee (2) as she thinks of better days ahead. Watched by a friendly U.S. soldier, fishermen again peacefully mend their nets in the harbour of Barfleur (3). In their drive south from Caen, British forces captured Le Beny Bocage on August 1 : a gendarme officer warmly welcomes the first troops to enter, and citizens add their greetings (4). During the fighting in the Caen area, some 20,000 citizens sheltered in deep-hewn quarries along the bank of the River Orne ; in the quarries French nuns ran a hospital (5) with 500 beds.

Photos, British Official ; Planet News, Keystone, Associated Press, P.N.A.

Bradley's Blitzkrieg Freed Brittany's Capital

TEARING THROUGH GERMAN POSITIONS in Brittany, on August 4, 1944, General Bradley's armoured forces swept into and took the town of Rennes, capital of the province, 60 miles from St. Nazaire. Jeeps poured through one of the streets, U.S. soldiers mingling with the happy citizens (1); some of their comrades display a captured battle trophy (2). In the main square of sunlit Rennes a vast and jubilant crowd gathered to welcome the bringers of freedom (3).

Photos, Keystone, Planet News

'Legion of the Lost' Fought on in New Guinea

When Timor Island fell to the Japanese in February 1942 the Australian "Sparrow Force" won resounding fame by continuing to fight in the jungles for many months (see p. 714, Vol. 6). Escaping to Australia, they were reorganized as a commando unit and then proceeded to New Guinea. Some of the remarkable exploits of these indomitable warriors are narrated in this article.

LATE one afternoon, natives ferried across the Ramu River, in New Guinea, seventeen green-clad, sun-burned men. Leaving their forward unit in the Ramu Valley, a patrol pushed forward behind the Japanese lines for information. They went as far as the Finisterre Range, far up the Valley, but found no sign of the enemy.

Passing through a native village on their way out they left three of their party, one on guard and two men sick. Some days later the main party returned to this small native village, having given the neighbourhood a thorough searching.

In the half light of morning, before the men were due to stand-to, the enemy struck. A whistle sounded—the Japanese signal for attack—and the fight was on. Men jumped from bed, half-dressed, to hurl grenades and meet the enemy in the pre-dawn light. For a few hectic minutes the fight was fierce, then numbers told and the patrol was forced to retire. They had lost all their gear, and at roll-call six men had failed to rally.

That is what fighting in New Guinea is like. You may be the best scout or jungle fighter in the world, but you can never be sure if the enemy is twenty feet or twenty miles away from you. To prove this, one officer of the party lay in a hole for five hours within earshot of the Japanese, waiting his chance to regain his unit. Harried by the enemy following up their success, the party travelled through heavy jungle and spent that night shivering in a tropical rainstorm; they were without food for nearly two days. One man, who had to get out without his boots, covered fifteen miles of thorn-studded scrub track before reaching headquarters.

To get to the Ramu Valley they covered many weary miles of country, unrivalled for roughness anywhere in the world. They climbed tooth-sharp hills, like Mount Otto and the Wesia Mountains. They scaled the Bismarcks—a range of over 10,000 feet, with the 14,000 feet Mount Wilhelm towering above them. They paddled their gear across swift-rushing rivers on machine-made and home-made rafts that often tumbled men and gear into the torrent. When rivers could not be forded by normal means the Air Force dropped them life-belts and ropes; and men, loaded to the neck, swam across, clinging to those ropes.

THEY took the risk as part of the day's work. Acts of high courage were everyday matters. One man walked along the Ramu Valley as a decoy, and as a result the Japanese were successfully ambushed, losing forty-five killed and fifteen wounded out of a total of a hundred. The enemy attacked often and with fierce determination, in one village making no less than six attempts in one day, only to be repulsed each time with great loss.

In one such attack a man was wounded. For sixty hours he staggered along bush tracks before coming up with the rest of his patrol. He had eight bullet wounds in his body and five sword slashes round his head. It took three weeks to get him to a bush hospital—yet he lives. Another, an officer, was wounded five times in an attack, and became lost; it was six days before he regained his unit, stoutly maintaining that he could still kill Japs.

SCENE OF THE EXPLOITS of the "Lost Legion" in New Guinea. On April 24, 1944, Australian forces advancing along the Ramu Valley, took the key-point of Madang. By August 1 they were west of the Sepik River.

These men of Timor patrolled far to the Japanese coastal points and brought back information which proved invaluable in laying the foundations of the subsequent Allied victories in New Guinea. One party went "into the blue" for twenty-nine days, and owing to wireless failure nothing was heard from them after the second day. But they pushed on and returned with the information their Commander required.

This Australian "Legion of the Lost" was a complete self-contained fighting unit, with its own medical officer and a hospital, together with a cunningly-hidden headquarters in a pocket of the jungle. Its supplies and mails were dropped by a watchful Air Force, whose admiration of these resourceful men is of the very highest. The headquarters was in the usual mosquito-ridden place, studded with a few native huts and paved with logs to give a footing through the mud.

DESPITE the rigours of their task they found time to adopt and rear five kittens, named after the Dionne quins. Although some of the best scouts in the world were members of this force, they were never able to account for the father of the kittens. He was never seen or even heard in the district.

This mystery provoked a great deal of discussion! It was a strange sight to see a tough jungle fighter, just back from a patrol where death stood at his shoulder, sitting in front of "headquarters," playing with a tiny kitten.

But this was a lonely life, far from the amenities of civilization, and playing with a kitten was a heaven-sent outlet. Off duty they found time to laugh and this laughter—and that wonderful sense of comradeship cemented on the jungle paths of New Guinea by the common peril of duty—made for something that even civil life never offered.

They ask no banners, they wave no flags, and expect no blare; but now and again they appreciate a thought. A man comes off patrol, to be greeted with a firm handshake and a "Glad to meet you, Jack!" that means more to him than he could express.

Although the story of their achievements, first in Timor and then in New Guinea, cannot yet be told in full, enough is known to prove that the Australian soldier is still equal to the toughest task set him, even when confronted with the most difficult country in the world—that he can fight and win as well as his brothers fighting on other fronts. In the final story of the Australian fighting forces of this war the "Lost Legion" will have a high place.

'GREEN SNIPER'S PIMPLE' Australians called this 4,500-ft. height in the Ramu Valley (see map above) held by the Japanese for months, and barring our advance towards the important coastal town of Madang. The hill fell to the Australians, here seen climbing its precipitous side, after a heavy air attack. On December 27, 1943, they clawed their way up to complete victory. See also illus. p. 715 Vol. 7. *Photo, Australian Official*

Stronghold of Saipan Torn from Japanese Hands

ANOTHER STEP NEARER the Philippines and Japan was the American capture of the island of Saipan in the Marianas group in the Pacific, which was entirely in U.S. hands by July 10, 1944, after a 25-days' campaign. Heavy bombardment from the air, sea and land paved the way for the entry into Garapan, the capital, on July 4, where few houses remained standing (1). U.S. Marines, pushing the enemy across Saipan, had to face continual fire; a combat photographer secured this dramatic picture of a marine hit by a bursting mortar shell and holding his head as he was about to fall (2). An American soldier tosses a smoke bomb into a Japanese foxhole (3). Tanks played a part in the conquest, and here (4) one rumbles victoriously down the shattered main street of the capital. **See also p. 167.**

Photos, Keystone, Planet News, Associated Press

Under the Japanese Heel in Shanghai Today

Cut off from the rest of the world for two-and-a-half years in Japanese-occupied Shanghai are communities of British, Americans, Dutch and European stateless refugees. This account of their fate and how they have contrived for themselves tolerable conditions of life in internment was given to Dr. ERNEST WERTH and is exclusive to " The War Illustrated."

THE telephone rings. The voice from the other end sounds familiar. For years I had not heard my old friend ; and now, half-frightened, half-delighted, I burst out : "Good heavens ! Where are you speaking from ?" "Silly question !" comes the answer. "From our City office !" "But you are supposed to be interned by the Japs in Shanghai !" I exclaim. "That's right, but I am back."

When, that same evening, we met for the first time in years a full account of Japanese-occupied Shanghai was given to me. What my friend reports about life and conditions there may interest many readers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. Not without good reason was Shanghai named the "New York of the Far East." As in the U.S. metropolis, in this Chinese city of more than four million inhabitants skyscrapers and huge modern departmental stores tower up ; enormous wealth and abundance were found side by side with direst poverty. Today, however, we are particularly interested to hear about the European colony and its fate since the outbreak of the War with Japan.

Many Refugees from Russia

At that time there were living in Shanghai approximately 30,000 Europeans, amongst them 3,000 to 4,000 British, 1,000 Dutchmen, 5,000 French, as well as nearly 5,000 Americans. By far the greatest European community was that of between 15,000 and 20,000 Russians who had fled from Russia after 1918. Britons, Americans, Dutchmen and others dwelt in the so-called International Settlement, an extra-territorial concession under its own government, the Municipal Council, in which, together with Chinese, all European nations were represented.

After the outbreak of war, on the night of December 9-10, 1941, the occupation of the International Settlement by the Japanese started in true Pearl Harbour style. At 4 a.m. Japanese aeroplanes appeared over the harbour and bombed a British gunboat, which sank, firing to the last. Next morning, against all international law and treaties, Japanese troops marched into the extra-territorial district. From that very moment these Prussians of the East started a terror regime over the whole area. Chinese patriots put up as much resistance as they could, and surprise attacks and bomb explosions were of almost daily occurrence.

ALL Allied nationals—British, American, Dutch, but not French—were compelled to close their offices, which were occupied by the Japanese military authorities. The famous Sassoon Hotels, Cathay and Metropole, became Japanese Headquarters and all the abundant stocks and provisions were, of course, seized at once. All Allied men, women and even children had to wear red armlets with an "A" for American, a "B" for British, "N" (Netherlands) for Dutch. Restrictions of all kinds followed, the frequenting of theatres, cinemas and other places of entertainment was forbidden and a curfew varying according to the season was imposed. Notwithstanding initial promises that international treaties, guarantees and laws would be strictly adhered to, the Japanese military authorities soon started to arrest prominent persons under all kinds of pretences, and later on turned to general internment. A special camp for political suspects was established in Haifong Road. There tortures were applied by Japanese "gendarmes" in order to elicit political secrets.

Today about 3,000 British, 1,000 Americans and 1,000 Dutch are living in internment camps, the largest of which is Chapai. Families are dwelling in hutments which they have fitted up themselves, and they have organized, as well as circumstances permit, schools, hospitals and other institutions. The Swiss Red Cross cares for these camps as far as possible and has repeatedly been asked to intervene in order to improve the worst sanitary conditions. None of the inmates of the camps is allowed outside the barbed wire, which is strongly guarded by Japanese soldiers.

A special class is formed by about 18,000 European stateless refugees, for the greater part Jews, who from 1937, thanks to the liberal attitude of the Chinese government,

AGGRESSIVE SUPPORTERS of expansionist Japan are Adm. Yonai (left), former C.-in-C. Japanese combined fleet, and Gen. Koiso, Governor-General of Korea, who, it was announced on July 22, 1944, were chosen to form a new cabinet, replacing that led by Gen. Tojo.
Photos, Associated Press

found an asylum in Shanghai from concentration camps in Germany and other European countries. They had already managed to begin building up a fresh existence, and soon one could observe the European influence of these refugees in the main streets of the city. Elegant window dressing, fashionable dresses, handbags, cosmetics and so on appeared, and new industries sprang up which were already of some importance in the economic life of China. The Germans, however, seeing in these refugees enemies of Nazism, intervened and on May 18, 1943, the Japanese Navy and Army High Command issued an order according to which all European fugitives who had arrived in Shanghai after 1937 had to live within a designated area.

Primitive Reservation Conditions

THE refugees were forced to give up their living within three months—people who had travelled 10,000 miles, often under appalling and adventurous conditions, to find some shelter and peace in Shanghai. The old Japanese quarter Honkew, separated from Shanghai proper by the famous Garden Bridge and completely destroyed during the Chinese-Japanese war in 1937, became the reservation. Since then, 18,000 of these Europeans have been living in Honkew. They have rebuilt the district to some extent and established themselves to the best of their ability, often under most primitive conditions. Although the quarter is not fenced in with barbed wire, it is closely guarded by Japanese gendarmes and latterly by a police corps which the refugees organized and recruited amongst themselves. To leave the district the inhabitants need a permit.

AFTER a time workshops and factories were started, partly by transferring machinery from other parts of Shanghai, and the production began of textiles, chemicals, pharmaceutical and other products previously imported from Europe. All kinds of crafts are represented, from tailoring to cobbling and watchmaking. The people have, of course, themselves produced all their household furniture, beds and kitchen utensils. In the community, which organized co-operative administration, there live today approximately 10,000 men, 5,000 women and 3,000 children. Diseases which the wretched sanitary conditions might have produced were prevented by scrupulous cleanliness and stringent precautions. Consequently, mortality is much less than amongst the Chinese population under the Japanese yoke. Many well-known doctors, technicians and scientists have put their services at the disposal of the community, and their work may become an important factor in the rebuilding of China after the war.

Self-Help at Honkew

About 5,000 persons who cannot support themselves are housed in an institution, maintained for the greater part by earlier immigrants not affected by the Japanese order previously mentioned, and by Red Cross Organizations as far as is possible under war conditions. The whole Honkew Community has voluntarily submitted to a tax system, and out of its revenues the poor are assisted and hospitals installed. One of these already has some hundred beds, an operating-theatre, X-ray and other modern equipment handled by refugee doctors. Every possible care is taken of youth ; schools are at work, sports grounds have been laid out and are being steadily improved by the boys and girls themselves. Thus these refugees have created tolerable conditions of life.

ASSEMBLIES or meetings in camps or houses are forbidden for all Shanghai Europeans. So is distant radio reception. Installation for short waves had to be removed from sets, and nobody was allowed to listen-in to foreign news. Only one official Russian local transmitter using various languages can be heard, and it reports only from the European theatre of war ; the Pacific may not even be mentioned. All public utilities, gas, water and electricity, previously in British and American hands, have been taken over by the Japanese and are managed by them. All the important British, American and Dutch banks, shipping firms and insurance companies are closed.

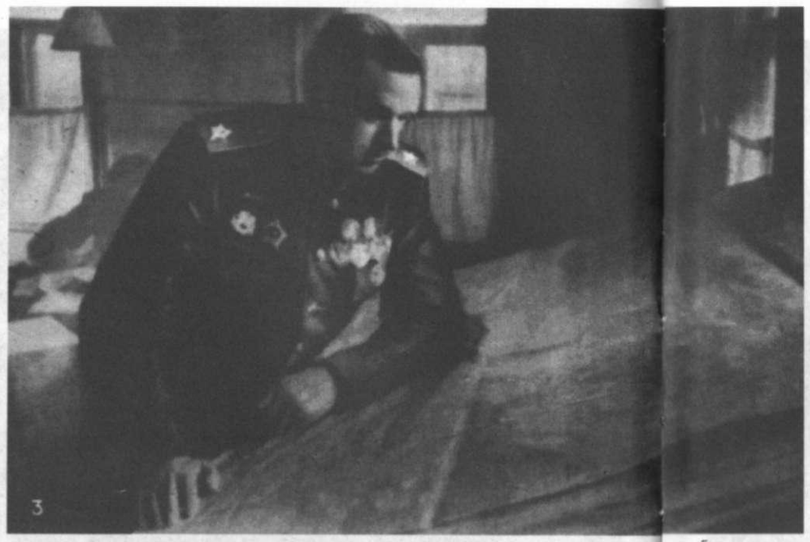
The Chinese are putting up against the Japanese a very successful passive resistance. Shanghai used to be the only harbour in the Far East which had huge stocks of provisions. It was the centre of importing and trans-shipment for the immense Chinese hinterland. These stocks have been removed by the Chinese patriots in many mysterious ways and remain unobtainable by the greedy Japanese. The Chinese underground movement is well organized. Hundreds of thousands of patriots are waiting for the signal from their great leader Chiang Kai-Shek to rise and destroy the Japanese oppressor when the hour strikes.

Photos, Sport & General, Keystone

Shadow of German Doom Cast over Normandy

" On every battlefield all over the world the Armies of Germany and Japan are recoiling," declared Mr. Churchill on August 2, 1944. On the Western Front, advancing south of Caumont, a column of British infantry and anti-tank guns (top) headed for the hotly contested Bois de l'Homme on August 1. Through the remains of Periers (bottom), important communications centre north of Coutances, U.S. armour passed after the town's capture by the American 1st Army on July 27.

1



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6

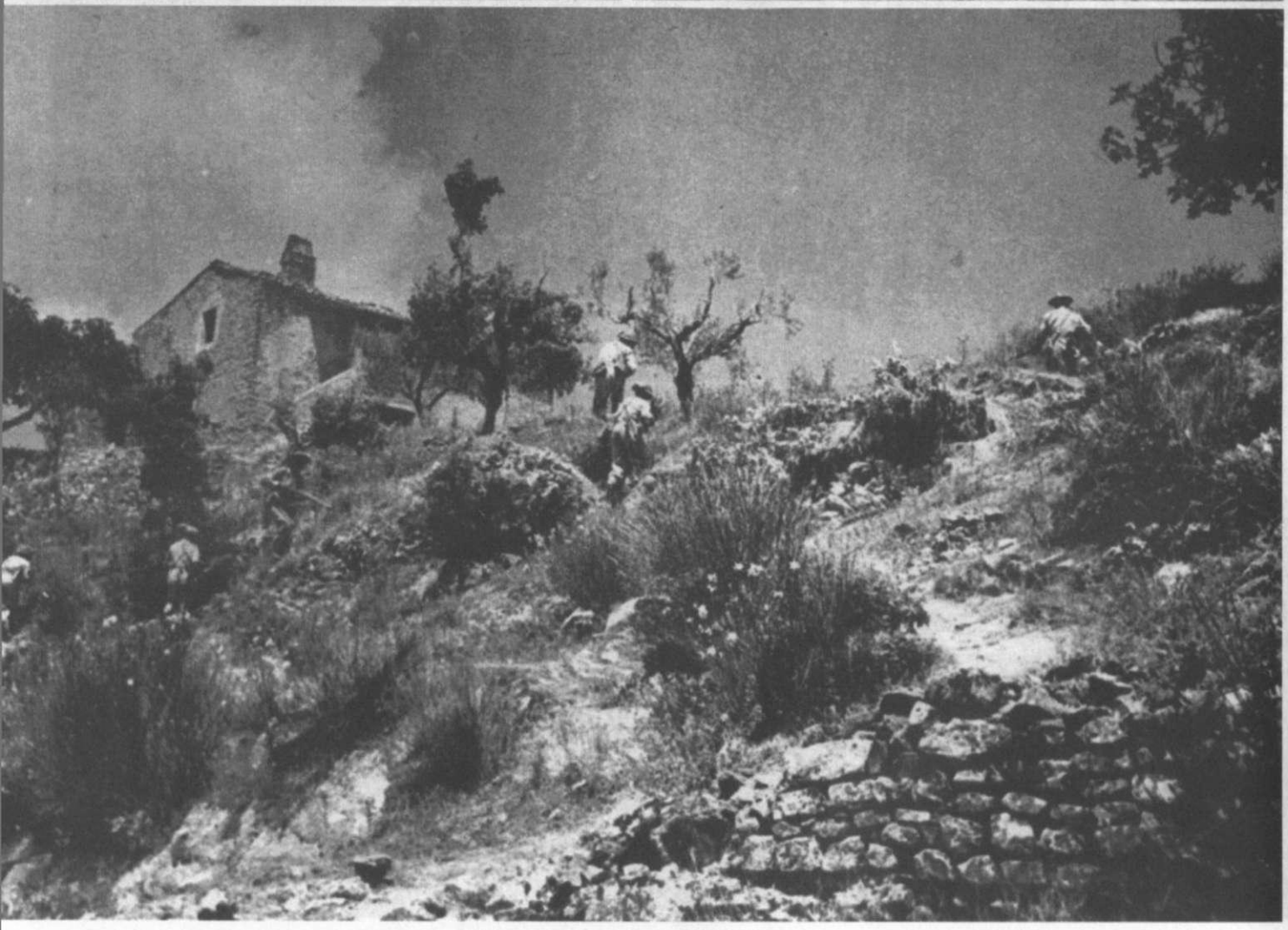
Rokossovsky Leads the 1st White Russian Front

Flying aces of the Red Army have earned the admiration of even the R.A.F. Among them is Fighter-Pilot, Hero of the Soviet Union, Capt. Mayorov (1) in a plane presented by workers of the Mongolian People's Republic. Capture of Lublin, covering the approaches to Warsaw, on July 24, 1944, was effected by forces under Marshal Rokossovsky: Soviet snipers (2) helped to clear out the defenders. Rokossovsky, C.-in-C. of the 1st White Russian Front (3), plans fresh conquests.

Photos, U.S.S.R. Official, Pictorial Press, Planet News

All-Conquering Red Forces at Germany's 'Gates'

"It is the Russian Armies," said Mr. Churchill, "who have done the main work in tearing the guts out of the German Army." That operation was in full blast when, on July 27, 1944, Marshal Rokossovsky's warriors captured Lvov; over the freed town the Soviet Flag was hoisted (4) as artillery passed through (5). Amphibious tanks crossed the River Bug (6) by July 22, in the drive to Lublin and Warsaw. By August 5, Soviet forces had smashed through to the frontiers of East Prussia.



Last Stages in the Fight for Florence

Photos, British Official : Crown Copyright

Overcoming fierce resistance in the central sector of the Italian front, General Alexander's forces reached the outskirts of the city of Florence by August 4, 1944 ; tankmen of the Canadian Armoured Force moved up in Shermans (top left). East of Arezzo the enemy began to withdraw on July 22, and our artillery in the valley between Mts. Cedrone and Arnato hastened the retreat : a Bofors crew in action (top right). An Indian patrol cautiously approaches a hide-out of snipers (bottom).

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

IF an individual is a danger to his neighbours, if he makes unprovoked brutal attacks on them, his neighbours do not say, when the police take him into custody, that he really was not responsible and ought not to be punished. They recognize that for the sake of social peace and order he must be punished—if possible in some way that will prevent his committing the same sort of crimes again.

But when we have to deal with nations that behave towards others with deliberate savagery, that defy justice and decency, that proclaim themselves "master-people" who have the right to oppress and rob everyone else, we find that the case is altered.

I have read a number of books on the problem "How to Ward off a Third World War." All the writers apply to the Germans every kind of abusive epithet, say they are collectively to blame, denounce them as enemies of the human race. Yet when it comes to the question of dealing with these criminals the writers soften. They say we must discriminate, we must not be too hard on them, we must not forget that the Germans are necessary to a prosperous European economic system.

This last plea is the strongest, and it is purely selfish. It is not the result of pity; it comes from the desire to keep customers. It is being put forward in the United States as well as in Europe. Mr. Dewey, candidate for the Presidency, voiced the opinion of business men when he said lately "peace terms must not be too rigid." Now an American lawyer, Mr. Louis Nizer, in a book called What To Do With Germany (Hamish Hamilton, 7s. 6d.) proposes that these terms should be "economically generous" and looks forward to the German people "benefiting from an improved world economy." Mr. Nizer is far from arguing that the Germans as a nation are not to blame:

> Never again must we be deluded into misplacing responsibility for German aggression. It is not the leader of the day, whether he be Charlemagne, Barbarossa, Frederick Wilhelm, the Great Elector, Frederick the Great, Bismarck, the Kaiser, or Hitler, who wages war against mankind. It is the German people.

The German people, Mr. Nizer declares, "have ever been arch-conspirators against civilization. They have deliberately plotted to destroy it and subdue all mankind to serfdom. They have given their brains, their energies, and their very lives through the centuries in fanatical devotion to this task. This is the greatest indictment of a people in all history."

YET the Germans are not to suffer for their misdeeds. The Allies should draw up peace terms "chiefly designed to serve the economic health and growth of Germany." That is to say, Germans are to "share in the immediate food relief which will be extended to Europe during the emergency period following the armistice," and they are then to be given every assistance towards regaining their prosperity.

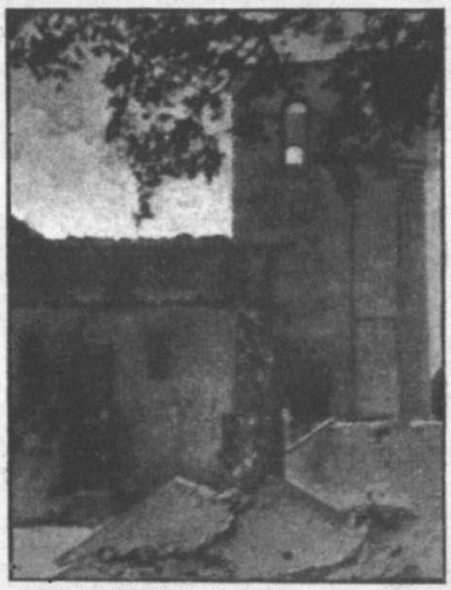
What would be the certain consequence of their becoming prosperous again with the help of the nations now fighting against them? They would say, "Well, we haven't lost much after all. We are back where we were before we 'forced war upon the world for the second time with determined criminality'" (Mr. Nizer's words). They would listen eagerly to crazy agitators, ambitious politicians, and generals anxious to try again.

I consider both Mr. Nizer's attitude towards the German people and his suggested method of dealing with them foolish and dangerous. It seems to me to be nonsense to talk about the Germans in general—the pleasant, kindly farmers and innkeepers, the authors and newspaper men, the workers, skilled and unskilled, whom I have known—"conspiring against civilization, making barbarism an ideal, distorting nationalism into a ritual of international murder." As Hedda Gabler's husband says in Ibsen's play, "people don't do such things."

Punishment to Fit the Nazi Crimes?

But don't suppose that I acquit the German people of guilt. If Mr. Nizer said they have allowed their rulers to do "such things," and have applauded their rulers when victories were won (as in 1859 over Austria, and in 1864 over Denmark, and in 1870 over France), and have made no effort to become good Europeans, he would be quite right. If the Germans in general have not harboured criminal designs themselves, they have been accessories both "before and after the fact," as the law puts it, to the crimes that have been committed, and are still being committed, in their name.

THEREFORE, in my view, they should be treated in such a way as to fix for ever in their minds, and in the minds of any nation that might feel inclined to behave as they have behaved, the conviction that such conduct does not pay. To put them on the same level as the peoples whom they have savaged and tortured and massacred, and to help them by every means in our power to regain their prosperity, would simply encourage them to prepare for revenge and a third attempt at world domination.



BLACKENED REMAINS of the church of Oradour-sur-Glane, near Limoges, inside which, on June 10, 1944, German S.S. troops after an orgy of street killings incarcerated men, women and children before setting fire to the church, in which they had also placed explosives. Punishment of such war criminals is one of the subjects of the book reviewed in this page. *Photo, Keystone*

I see another objection besides this to Mr. Nizer's plan, which is obviously drawn up to please Big Business (do not forget that just the same view was taken last time, when Sir Arthur Balfour, created Lord Riverdale, said we must rearm Germany). This other objection is that it will not be left to the United States or to Britain to decide what shall be done with Germany. Can we imagine the Russians, whose country has been devastated, or any of the nations that have suffered terribly at the hands of German tyrants, agreeing to measures intended to put German business on its feet again and based on the idea that "every consideration shall be extended to improve the standard of living in Germany"?

EVEN if the other measures recommended in the book were to be carried out—the execution of 150,000 Nazis as well as a very large number of others who aided and abetted them; the sentencing of hundreds of thousands to terms of imprisonment; the close control of every branch of German industry; the abolition of "the entire educational system" and the substitution for it of a new one designed by the Allies and carried out by an International University staffed mainly by non-Germans—even if these could be put into operation, which I do not believe possible, the restoration of German prosperity by Allied help would still make a large number of half-lunatic Germans feel it would be worth while to have another shot at world supremacy and induce the mass of the people to allow the trigger to be pulled.

I believe the only way to teach Germans that they have acted like wild beasts—much worse than wild beasts—and that they are loathed by the rest of the human race, except perhaps the Japanese; and that conduct such as theirs is not going to be allowed to pay or to go unpunished (as it did last time), is to put a ring round them and keep them within it, cut off from the rest of the world, until they show that they have every intention of living in peace and contentment with the rest.

Seeing that Germany is surrounded by peoples whom Germans have tried to turn into slaves, and on whom they have practised the most appalling cruelty, it would not be difficult to create that ring of isolation. They have in the past complained without justification that they were being encircled. Let them really suffer encirclement.

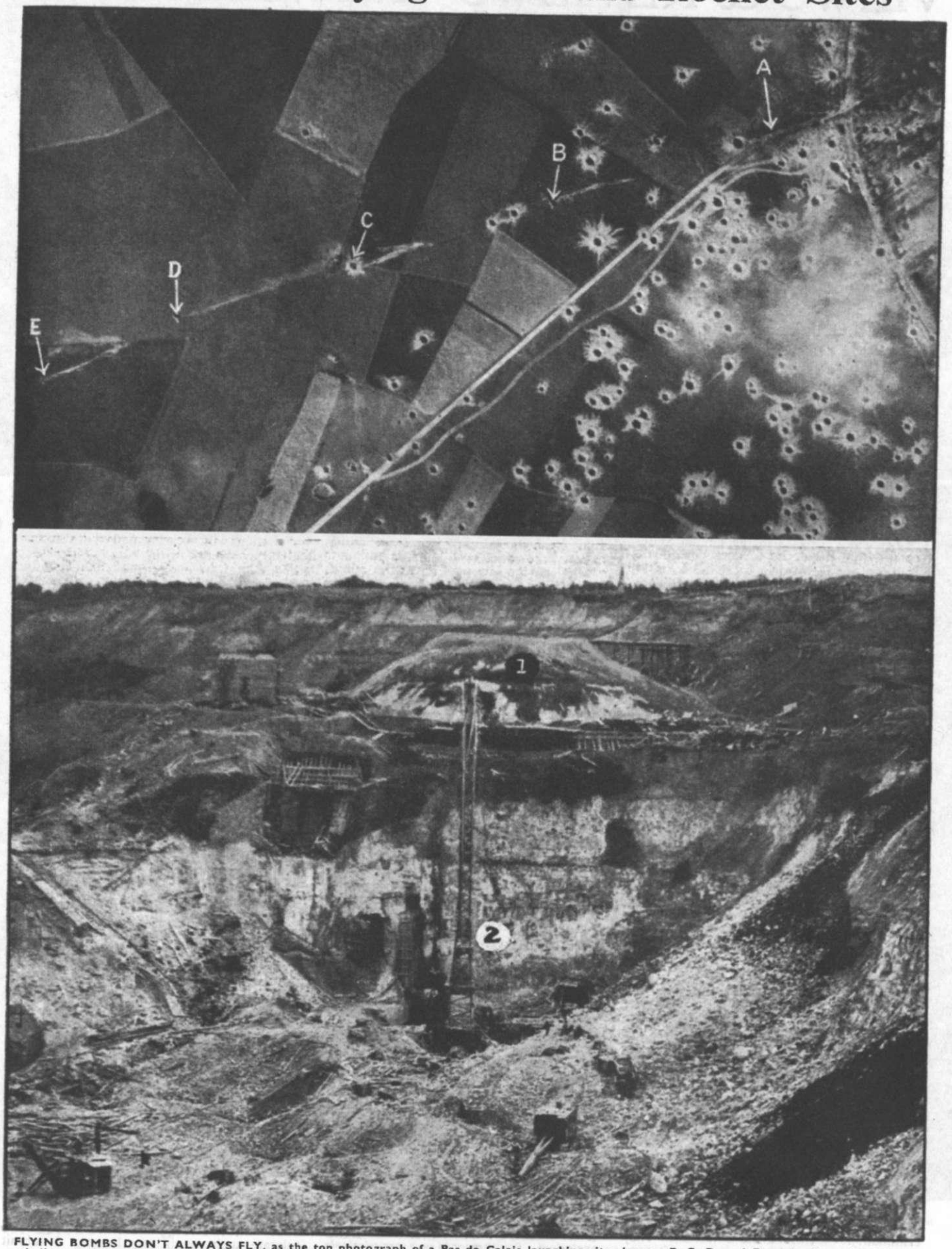
LET them live on what they can produce themselves. They would have enough food to keep them alive. Permit no imports of any kind. Then they could not manufacture weapons of war. Do not send our troops, who have already been through such hard fighting experience and so long away from their homes and normal lives, to pass years in occupying Germany. Shutting the Germans up would have a far better effect and would avoid risk of Allied soldiers having to intervene in civil war and probably being attacked by both sides.

Mr. Nizer sees that something must be done to counteract the "poisoning of generation after generation of German minds." He sees that what he calls "de-mentalization" is more necessary than disarmament for the future peace of Europe.

> Against such mania, self-decorated with patriotism and "world-mission," it is futile to hurl moral preachments. German education has established another level of morality, which scorns our own and is impervious to its nobility. Nor can appeals to reason be indulged in, for reason has coagulated into cruel concepts which regard decency as weakness.

Surely it follows from this that the only thing to do with Germany is to make her understand that the rest of the world will not tolerate such mania any longer. I submit this cannot be done by giving her back her trade.

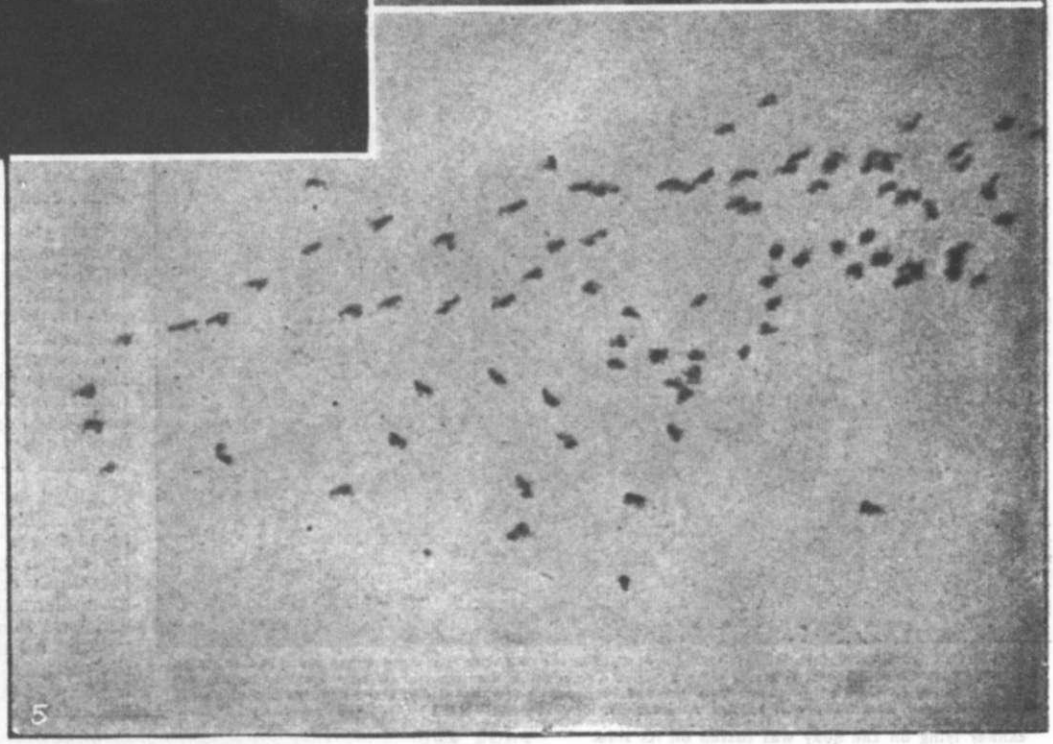
R.A.F. Smash Flying Bomb and Rocket Sites—



FLYING BOMBS DON'T ALWAYS FLY, as the top photograph of a Pas de Calais launching site shows: B, C, D, and E mark where four of the missiles crashed and slid along the ground; the launching ramp itself (A) was straddled by our bombs. Below is a large structure, also in the Pas de Calais, believed to be connected with the use of long-range rockets, on which R.A.F. 12,000-lb. or "earthquake" bombs landed: a thick concrete dome covers underground workings (1), near which a 100-ft. crane was being used (2).

Photos, British Official

—While Ack-Ack Gunners Take Increasing Toll



IN CONSTANT ACTION against the flying bombs, some of which scatter incendiaries, our heavy and light anti-aircraft batteries, recently re-deployed specially to cope with this form of air attack, add very satisfactorily to their tally of kills. Each shell fired is aimed directly at the flying bomb: in this particular circumstance a more effective method than the "box" barrage used so successfully against aircraft.

The A.T.S., who played such a fine part in our anti-bomber defences, soon proved themselves vital in this battle too. In the operations room (1), nerve centre of the A.A. batteries, they plot the course of flying bombs from information received from the R.A.F. and Royal Observer Corps, while others operate a range-finder out of doors (2). Flashes leap from a gun muzzle during a night action (3); rate of fire is so rapid that the gun appears to be firing in more than one direction at the same time. Gunners bring in remains of a "doodle bug" (4). Shell bursts thicken in the sky as a flying bomb approaches (5).

Photos, British Official, Planet News, Fox, G.P.U.

Will The Nazi War Machine Run Dry and Crash?

A yearly average of 12,000,000 tons of liquid fuel has been needed by Germany to support her mechanized forces alone. The supply now is running dangerously short; for the Nazi home front, too, the fount of essential fuel is almost dry. Dr. EDGAR STERN-RUBARTH explains whence supplies have been forthcoming—and how the red light of danger now glows for the Reich.

GERMANY is extremely poor in natural oil. There are but a few small wells near Wietze, in Hanover, which were hardly worth exploiting before the war. Before squeezing her into his political serfdom, Hitler found Rumania willing enough to sell to him the better part, and finally all, of her production, then the largest in Europe. With the conquest of Poland he found a second reservoir north of the Carpathians, the oilfields of Borislav, Drohobycz, Stanislovo, and Jaslo.

Technical progress accounts for the now rich yields of his own Hanoverian wells, of an originally neglected field at Zistersdorf, in Austria, and of the previously unimportant and only field in France, at Pechelbronn in Alsace. But all that together would not have given him more than half the desired quantity of the precious fuel; and that is why, on the one hand, he ordered his armies' mad drive into the Caucasus and, on the other hand, had hastened the development of plants for the hydrogenation of coal and lignite.

There are no official figures; but a total requirement of between 13 and 15 million tons a year, between 10 and 12 of them for purely military purposes, is a guess based on sound foundations. Theoretically, Hitler was just able to get these quantities during the first three or four years of "his" war, and even to accumulate some emergency stocks by looting the huge fuel dumps of Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium and France. But always it was a rather precarious balance, as the table of approximate production figures (tons) in this page shows.

OIL-SHALE, potato spirit and other substitutes had to make up for the missing quantities, while generator gas came to the rescue, with an ever more restricted allocation of liquid fuel for civilian transport and other requirements, up to the end of the fourth year of war. The scores of oil refineries, originally mostly in Rumania, were multiplied by new or enlarged plants all along the river Danube, in Hungary, Austria, Czechoslovakia and Germany; new hydrogenation plants were commissioned wherever coal and lignite deposits permitted, in the Ruhr valley, in central Germany, in Moravia, so as to make up for the natural depletion of the Rumanian wells, hastened by war conditions and the lack of necessary machinery. And without the Allies' systematic bombing campaign even the demands of a three-front war might have been met, to some extent.

	1940	1942	1943
Rumania, raw oil	6,500,000	6,000,000	5,000,000
Poland, raw oil	700,000	650,000	600,000
Hanover, raw oil	75,000	150,000	300,000
Pechelbronn, raw oil	60,000	100,000	150,000
Zistersdorf, raw oils	0	200,000	300,000
Germany, synthetic fuel	4,800,000	5,300,000	5,500,000
	12,135,000	12,400,000	11,850,000

MONTHS of Allied bombing have altered all that. Systematically, one after the other, refineries and hydrogenation plants have been flattened out all over Germany and occupied countries; the oil wells themselves, at Ploesti and near Pitesti in Rumania, became one of the foremost targets of British and American bomber fleets operating from Italy and, of late, from Russia; and, together with their huge distillation plants at Giurgiu, Constantza, Campina and elsewhere they should be pretty well devastated by now. The main plants—there are about 24 altogether—for synthetic fuel: the Leuna-Werke the I.G.Farben Trust's and probably all Europe's biggest industrial works, between Halle and Merseburg, the same combine's plant at Ludwigshafen, the Scholven plant at Buer in the Ruhr valley, and many minor ones, shared that fate. Nor did the smaller refineries along the Danube escape; and as careful watch was kept over all repairs done by specialists running around like rats in a cage, Allied air attacks were renewed as soon as improvement seemed imminent.

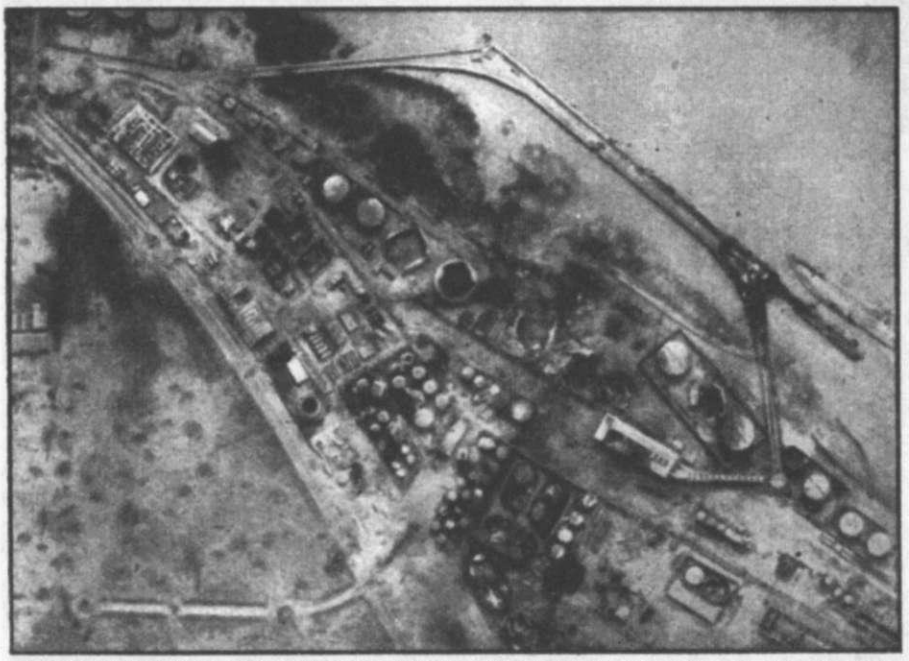
The results became, eventually, disastrous for Hitler's war machine. The total output of fuel, natural as well as synthetic, fell in June 1944 to only 30 per cent of the requirements of the German forces alone, at a time when their stocks had dwindled to a bare two months minimum quota for the army and three months for the air force. During that month of crisis the Nazis managed to increase the output to nearly 50 per cent, only to see it affected again by new and heavier attacks, while their meagre stocks had been further depleted. First priority over all war material and ammunition was granted to machinery and repair material for oil plants of any kind; all technicians, engineers and workers who had ever held a job in an oil or hydrogenation plant were at once released from the armed forces and the most drastic orders for economizing petrol and lubricants were issued.

Thus the German railways, already ramshackle and overburdened, were deprived of 25 per cent of their quota of lubricant oils and fats; the tank training units, and even the Luftwaffe in all its training camps, base airfields and transport wings, suffered a cut of no less than 50 per cent; the subsidiary army units such as engineers, pioneers, signallers and so on were wholly or partly deprived of their motorized transport and, like the ambulances in all towns and cities not under permanent threat of air attacks, were provided with makeshift equipment for going back to horse-drawn locomotion.

CLUMSY, heavy, generator-gas driven vehicles put in an appearance, even in front of our own jeeps and motor-lorries of the latest design; and the 10th Panzer Division in Normandy, except for its tanks, runs entirely on wood-gas. Apart from the official and decreed economies—disastrous as their consequences may be with whole units plodding along at a speed of two or three miles an hour while others move with ten times that speed—the lack of sufficient stocks everywhere, and of fuel for transport engaged in carrying petrol to forward units, has brought about local shortages which seriously endanger military operations. Hundreds of planes and thousands of vehicles, tanks, and guns had to be abandoned to the Russians simply because there was no fuel—not even enough to destroy them.

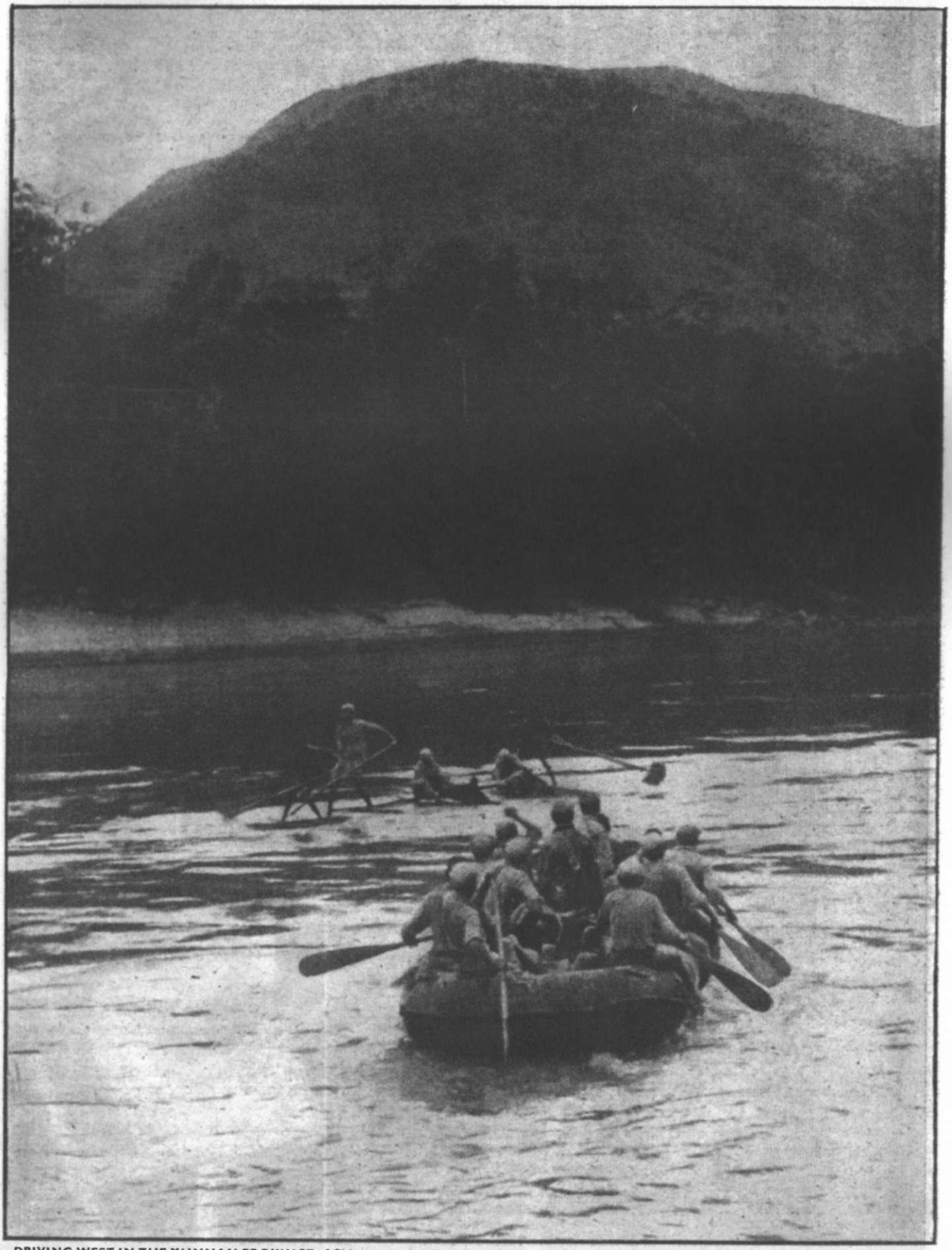
This state of affairs is bound to become still worse with the loss of the Polish oilfields (Borislav and Drohobycz fell to the Russians in August 1944). A Russian penetration into the Wallachian plains would accomplish that which our air assaults systematically prepared: Hitler's loss of well-nigh all his supplies in natural oil. He may fight against these looming shadows of utter defeat by cutting out all motorized transport at home, and by depriving industries and craftsmen of the small ration so far left to them.

But all that will only accelerate his breakdown. For the workers, engaged in 10, 12, or 14 hours of daily uninterrupted toil, will be unable to reach their benches; and thousands of small but useful factories all over Germany and in occupied countries will have to close down for lack of petrol or paraffin oil for driving their engines. Thus the collapse of Hitler's war machine within a very few months is inevitable, because he will be unable to feed its motor.



ANOTHER GERMAN OIL REFINERY RAN DRY after the R.A.F. visited these storage depots at Donges, near St. Nazaire, France, where great destruction was caused in two heavy attacks on July 23 and 24, 1944. The giant storage tanks were blown open, buildings were flattened, and an oil tanker lying off the quay was tossed on its side. *Photo, British Official*

From China Our Allies Press On to Burma



DRIVING WEST IN THE YUNNAN PROVINCE of China towards a junction with the Allied forces in Burma, our Far Eastern comrades-in-arms cross the Salween River in rubber boats and makeshift bamboo rafts in their determined forward push. By August 5, 1944, they had reached a point some 50 miles south-east of the North Burma town of Myitkyina, Japanese base held by them for two years and captured by the Allies on August 4 after months of bitter fighting.

Photo, U.S. Official

How Russia Cares for Her Wounded Warriors

IN THE QUIET of a Red Army hospital, after the furious clangour of the field, Soviet fighting men receive all the kindness and highly skilled care known to Russian medical science that is their due. Given doctor's permission, a patient can order any delicacy he fancies; this Ukrainian airman (1, right) chose a tureenful of borshch, a soup made from cabbage and other ingredients. Gift parcels are distributed regularly (2). Patients are informally entertained by outstanding performers with plays, concerts and recitations: an actress (3) recites to her audience. A woman surgeon performs a delicate lung operation (4). In the rest room recuperating men relax (5).

Photos exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

We Pounded the Japanese Stronghold of Sabang

The crippling 35-minute surprise attack by Admiral Somerville's Eastern Fleet on July 25, 1944, against the dockyard, harbour installations, wireless equipment and workshops at Sabang, the Japanese-held naval base in Sumatra at the entrance to the Straits of Malacca, is described here by Reuters correspondent Alan Humphreys, who was on board the flagship.

At the rate of ten tons a minute, 350 tons of steel and high explosive struck Sabang in the 35 minutes the bombardment lasted. Battleships, cruisers and destroyers poured shells varying from 4-in. to 15-in. into the base at close range. When the flagship turned away after completing her firing she was only two miles from the green, jungle-covered hills which rise steeply from the sea around Sabang. It was the first time that any Allied naval surface force had been in sight of Sumatra since the dark days of the Japanese onrush in 1942.

The fleet reached its objective unobserved and the first thing the Japanese knew was intensive strafing by carrier-based Corsair fighters. Among the Corsairs' targets were three airfields, including one at Kota Raja on the Sumatra mainland. Confirming suspicions that Japan's air strength was weak, only four aircraft were found and all destroyed. Disturbing as was the air raid to serene Japanese slumbers, the first reaction of the defenders when they saw the powerful battle fleet closing in must have been one of extreme dismay.

The fleet was divided into five forces for the operation. The carriers with their escort stayed a considerable way out at sea. The aircraft went strafing, were ready to deal with any Japanese aircraft coming up, provided an umbrella over the warships and acted as spotters for the guns. Battleships made up another force. A third force which included Dutch warships penetrated the harbour and dealt with installations at Sabang. Two other forces were devoted to attacks on coastal targets east and west of Sabang.

Just before 6.55 a.m.—zero hour—the loudspeakers announced: "Two minutes to go!" An unusual silence developed, so that sounds normally unnoticed became insistent—the remote slap of spray, the faint hiss from the funnel, the bubbling whistle of wind in the wires just overhead. Then with a great belch of flame, a greater belch of orange-brown smoke, a blast of hot air and a jolt back on to the heels, the first salvo was fired from the big guns at a range of 17,000 yards.

A rating fired his own shot. "Share that lot amongst you!" he said, as the guns roared. One by one resonant booms told that the other battleships had joined in the bombardment. Then began the process described beforehand by a gunnery officer, of "inflicting the maximum damage in the minimum time." The particular target of the flagship was the military barracks area, and in the words of the same gunnery officer, the Japanese garrison there was given "a new type of reveille in the form of a 15-in. 'brick'."

For the next quarter of an hour it was a rapid succession of jarring explosions. The force going into the harbour was firing furiously, one destroyer depressing a multiple pom-pom and spraying the defences with that also. Three Japanese batteries inside the harbour engaged these warships, a number of bursts throwing up grey gouts of water all round and close to them. On the run in, one battery was silenced the workshops and wharves were attacked, and a large crane was seen to topple over. Two batteries were silenced on the run back. The report on the operations concluded with the words "quite a skylark!"

The remainder of the fleet carried out the bombardment unmolested. It appeared there were no coastal batteries. All the time a great cloud of smoke was steadily thickening over Sabang, a testimony to the weight and accuracy of the bombardment. The Japanese defenders, who made only the slightest reaction to the air attack, apparently nettled at last, whistled up their aircraft, possibly from Sumatra, possibly from Malaya.

Two hours after the fleet withdrew, a Japanese two-engined bomber was reported approaching. It was shot down by Corsairs. Shortly afterwards a Zero fighter found the fleet. He came in as close as ten miles—then started to run home. He reported from 14 miles away, then 25, then 28. At this point the fighters cried "Tallyho!" and a moment later the Zero went into the sea 30 miles away.

I Visited a Bombed-Out Flying-Bomb Site

Pointed at Bristol, bombed by Allied Air Forces into abandonment, a flying bomb installation at Martinvast, Normandy, has been inspected by war correspondent Peter Duffield. His story, and interview with the former owners of that site, appear here by arrangement with the Evening Standard.

Five years ago, in the uneasy but peaceful summer of 1939, Count and Countess Hubert Pourtales lived in one of Normandy's truly idyllic chateaux. They lived as they had always lived, smoothly and gently. Their world—their castle and their village. The Count, then 76, was serving his forty-eighth year as mayor of the tiny hamlet of Martinvast, six kilometres south of Cherbourg. A herd of fine Normandy cattle grazed over his rich green 250-acre dairy farm. His foals were numbered among the finest French thoroughbreds. His castle, filled with treasured furnishings and unsurpassed tapestries, was one of Normandy's show pieces. You will find his racehorses in the Stud Book. The years passed . . .

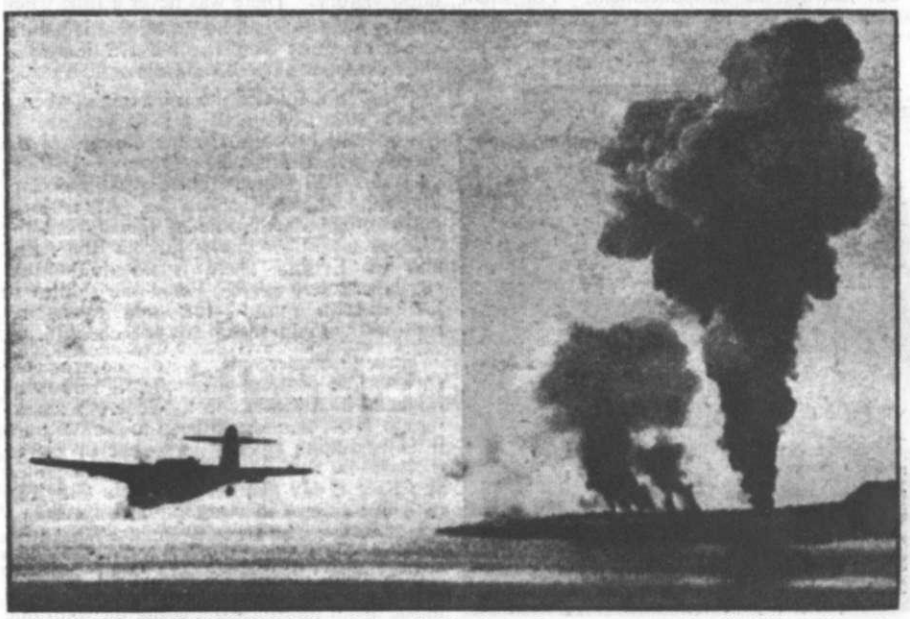
Last November they began to build the great steel and concrete flying-bomb site on the count's green, wooded acres. They came in hordes, German workers, foreign workers, enlisted French workers. Tented camps sprang up under the hedges and the trees. A new German regiment moved into the château—an A.A. command which elbowed the count, countess and their 53-year-old daughter, Countess d'Hauteville, still closer into their three remaining rooms. The fields were porcupined with Hun emplacements. Everything was camouflaged. The work went on in November and December. The year 1943 turned.

"The first time you raided us," said the Countess d'Hauteville, "was on January 14 at 9 p.m. How could I forget? It was apparent that they knew the location of the bomb site, guarded, hidden and secret as it was. And you must have known the château was the German H.Q."

The first raid burned half the château almost beyond recognition, blew great gashes in the sturdy old masonry, crushed one tower, obliterated the tennis court, smashed every window—and blew the German H.Q. clean out of the castle. "They left first thing next morning," said the countess, "taking nearly all our furniture, looting and drinking their way from Martinvast."

For a time the count and his family were left alone both by the Germans and the Allied Air Force. Furnitureless, they moved out to the little lodge at the end of their avenue drive, but the Germans came back, and so did the bombing.

"The next big raid," said the countess, "was on May 8, when the bomb-site and the castle were again attacked. That time you set the farm on fire. There were some Germans hiding there, but only one of them was killed. During the May 13 raid we hid in the old eleventh-century tower, which is the oldest part of the château. By then we were alone at nights except for the surrounding A.A. gunners. The workers no longer remained in the camps during the night. They had been driven by your bombing to Barneville, about 15 kilometres away. They



JAPANESE-HELD NAVAL BASE at Sabang in Northern Sumatra was on July 25, 1944, subjected to a fierce bombardment by Allied warships and carrier-based aircraft, as told above. The photograph shows a Barracuda plane which took part in a previous attack on Sabang by the Eastern Fleet on April 19, leaving behind it columns of smoke rising from fires started there. **See map in p. 774, Vol. 7.**

Photo, British Official

used to come to work every morning by bus. Yes, the raids did some good."

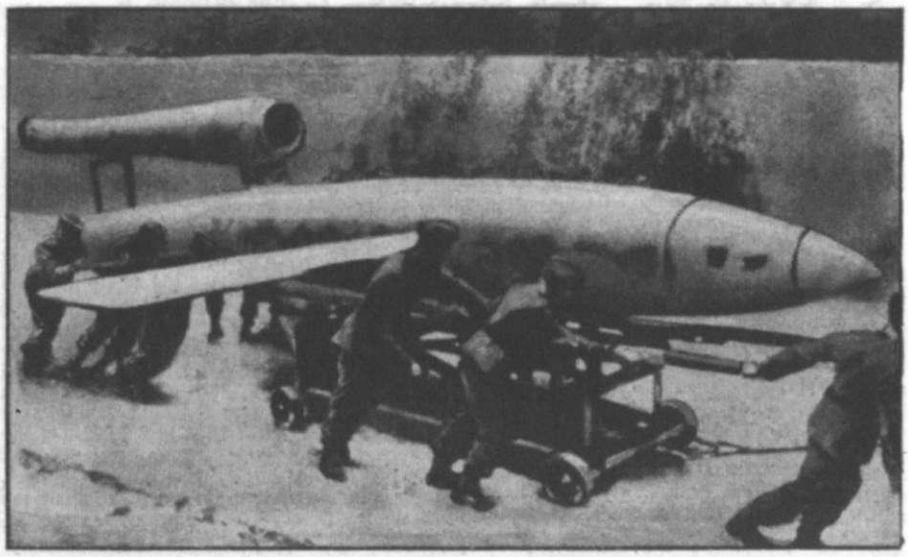
As the tall, white-haired Countess d'Hauteville made that selfless remark to me today she was standing among the ruins of her once beautiful home. Through the empty crusts of arched windows we looked out on the acres where a torrent of high explosives had fallen. There, in the bomb-pitted pasture land, the last foal of a long lineage of thoroughbred horses had toppled dead in the bombing.

Behind us, as we stood gingerly on some remaining floorboards, the rooms were bare of all save dirt and debris. Pieces of finely carved ceiling, shreds of tapestry, sections of carved stone mantelshelves, alone bore witness to bygone beauty.

"Yes," she repeated, "the raids did some good. I have never seen our bomb site. Always we were told to keep away. It was secret, very secret, they told us. Even the French workers were unable to get information."

We took the Countess on her first visit to the bomb site. She looked silently at the long, twin concrete ramps, the curving bombproof storage tunnels, the concrete assembly hangar, the narrow gauge rails that were to transport the bomb to the ramp, the sunken, apparently non-magnetic, pillar box where the gyro was to be adjusted and controls set.

We inspected one element of the emplacement after another. It was scattered over perhaps 30 acres of her ground, each section small and remote from the others. It was superby camouflaged, surely invisible from the air. We saw no direct hits on concrete buildings themselves, but craters pitted the linking roadways and the warm, rich acres of earth between sections. There was no doubt of the delaying effectiveness of the Allied bombings!



DRAGGED ON A WOODEN TROLLEY, this flying bomb is being moved to a launching ramp in France for discharge against Southern England. This is the first German official photograph to reach this country of "Revenge Weapon Number One" at its starting-point. See the accompanying story, and illus. pages 244-245. *Photo, Daily Express*

When those Victory Salvos Roar in Moscow

Since the guns of Moscow fired their first thunderous salvos in August 1943 in celebration of the liberation of Orel, there have been many scores of these salutes to enliven and encourage the Muscovites and the Allies in general. Paul Winterton, News Chronicle special correspondent, sent the following descriptive report from Moscow on July 31, 1944.

THE salute now follows a well-defined ritual. About fifteen minutes before it is due to take place the Moscow loudspeaker network announces: "In a few minutes there will be an important communication. Listen to our broadcast." This is repeated several times. Then at the appointed time a male announcer reads in ringing tones the Order of the High Command naming the town taken. About ten minutes later the guns start.

The salute itself has not changed in style—the only change was after the Kharkov salute, when it was found that, while tracer bullets helped to give a spectacular pyrotechnical display, they tended to fall on the heads of people afterwards. So now we have just guns and rockets. First you see the red flash of the guns in the sky, then hear the roll of explosions, and, last of all, the crack of hundreds of red, green and white rockets soaring skywards from dozens of rooftops. All over Moscow when the rockets are at the top of their flight the streets become as light as day.

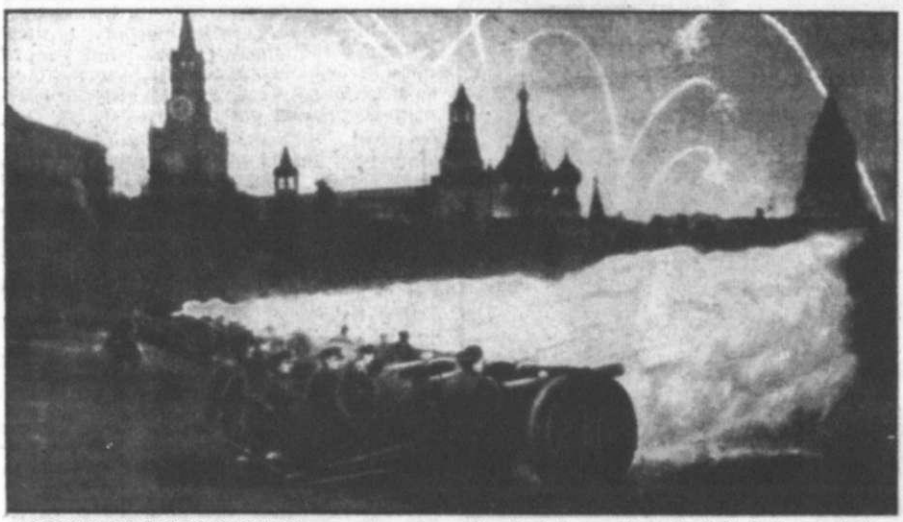
After a time you can learn to judge the importance of the event being celebrated without hearing the announcement. For small places there is a salute of 12 salvos from 124 guns. For big towns 224 guns fire 20 salvos. The expert will cock his ear to the window and say: "Hum, that's not big enough for Lvov. It must be Przemysl." The salutes which bring everyone into the streets or to the windows are those which celebrate the liberation of the capital of a Republic, like Kiev, Minsk and Vilna. They get 24 salvos from 324 guns and on those occasions windows rattle and buildings seem to shake.

Nowadays it gets around beforehand that a big salute is expected. Little boys, who see everything, notice exceptionally large numbers of guns being brought in from the outskirts to take up their positions on appointed sites along the Moscow river. And the news goes around. A.A. battery crews which fire the salutes are men, but on the roofs Red Army girls fire off the rockets. It is a responsible job, for they have to get them all into the air together, but it is a job they like. Incidentally, it is reliably reported that the rockets are part of the vast booty captured from the Germans. I hope it is true.

Street crowds which watch the salutes are just as large and just as eager as they were when the first salvos were fired. Round caps are still thrown into the air as the rockets go up and there is eager discussion of the latest victory. There was never a time when the movements of the Red Army were more closely followed than now, and that is natural enough because there was never a time when their activities were so exciting.

I was in a theatre the other night when a salute was announced on the radio. In the interval between acts the director of the theatre came on the stage and told us Bialystok had fallen. There was loud clapping and then all stood for the national anthem. In the middle of the anthem the director called for cheers for the Red Army and for Stalin. There is no doubt that spirits are very high. Forty-one salutes in just over a month—forty-one towns recaptured—would make anyone cheerful.

These summer nights, of course, the rockets lose some of their effect. Fireworks ought to be a winter sport. Generally speaking an effort is made to keep the salute until it is beginning to get dark—ten or eleven o'clock is the favourite time—but when you have a day like last Thursday (July 27), with five salutes to work off in an evening, you have to make an early start. What with the national anthem played five times and 100 salvos from 224 guns and then cheerful music from loudspeakers going on until one in the morning, I think that was about the noisiest night I have ever known in Moscow. Well, nobody minds noise in a good cause!



MOSCOW'S VICTORY GUNS announce yet another Red Army triumph, their flashes and the rockets above illuminating the Kremlin. First time the Russians heard them was on August 5, 1943, when, to celebrate the double victory of Orel and Byelgorod, Marshal Stalin ordered a salute of 12 salvos of 120 guns. See story above. *Photo, Pictorial Press*

They Bake 1,000 Loaves a Day for Invasion Craft

Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay, Allied Naval C.-in-C., has sent a message of congratulation to the men in the landing ships engaged in the vitally important work of building up supplies in Normandy. Here is the story of one of these little ships—a Landing Barge Kitchen—by a Naval reporter.

WE found her amid a huddle of ships on a Normandy beach when the tide was out—a queer, top-heavy-looking craft surmounted by a battery of galley chimneys. At some time in her career she had been a Thames lighter. But now, equipped with twin rudders, twin screws and engines which will drive her through the water at twelve knots, she is the Sailors' Joy. Officially this strange craft is one of ten L.B.K.s—Landing Barge Kitchens—which are providing hot meals for the men in hundreds of small craft which are helping to ferry supplies from the ships to the Normandy beaches.

The mud exposed hereabouts at low tide does not always smell pleasantly, but this afternoon the L.B.K. is baking bread for six hundred men. Mud or no mud, this spot smells good to one who knows hard compo biscuits. The C.O., wearing a white pullover and flannel trousers, was walking around his craft. He was critically examining the work of the crew, who were giving the hull a new coat of white paint. The C.O. is Midshipman J. S. McIntyre, R.N.V.R., of Berwick-on-Tweed. He is nineteen and very proud of his first command.

"This is definitely an occasion for painting ship," he said. "We have a reputation to maintain: already we have been recommended for our accounts, for the cleanliness of the ship and the high standard of the food we serve. Our complement is 25 men, including thirteen cooks, nine seamen and three stokers. Until recently we supplied, every day and in all weathers, hot meals for 500 to 700 men. Now we are baking 1,000 lb. of bread a day. Our last dinner was served to 600 men. On the menu were roast pork, cabbage and baked potatoes, followed by fruit and custard. Among the craft we supply are L.C.M.s, L.C.V.(P.)s and supply and repair barges." That is a considerable achievement for thirteen cooks, among them men who until recently were a miner, a bricklayer, and a factory hand. The Commanding Officer invited us on board.

We found a ship spotlessly clean, a floating kitchen in which was installed the most up-to-date equipment, including oil-fired ranges, automatic potato peelers and refrigerators. Pots and pans were polished until they shone. In a rack on the starboard side were scores of golden loaves, still warm from the ovens. The Chief Cook, Petty Officer R. F. White, of Shepperton, Surrey, has had immense experience in field bakeries and kitchens. He took part in the Africa landing and was later in the Sicily operations. He appreciates the splendid work of his present shipmates.

"Except for two leading cooks I do not believe any of them had been afloat before D-Day," he said. "The weather then was so bad that we lost both rudders and had to turn back. All but five of the crew were seasick, for we were rolling until the decks were awash." The Landing Barge Kitchen is one of the most popular ships in the armada off the Normandy coast.

On a calm night, when ships come alongside, more than one hundred and twenty craft have called for the insulated canister of steaming meat and vegetables, and safari jars of soup, coffee or tea. In rough weather the squadron leaders organize the distribution of the food to their own craft. The Kitchen is always busy, for it must be prepared to supply hot meals at any time.

"During the gale, when we were dragging our anchor nearly to the beach, and we were constantly being shelled by enemy batteries, the cooking still went on," said Petty Officer White. "We had many near misses. One shell dropped five yards away and peppered the meat safe with shrapnel. We are a lucky ship. There were no casualties. During all that time we victualled the Army or anyone who came on board. These ships are fitted out to carry about a week's supply of food for 800 men." Petty Officer White is particularly proud of one fact. During the whole of one month—June—corned beef was issued for only one supper, and then it was disguised as cottage pie.

HUNGRY LINE UP for a hot meal at the serving hatch of a L.B.K.—landing barge kitchen—whose achievements in feeding the crews of small craft busy about the Normandy beaches are recounted here.
Photo, British Official

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

AUGUST 1, Tuesday *1,795th day*
Western Front.—Granville cleared of the enemy. Le Beny Bocage captured by Allied troops.
Russian Front.—Kaunas, Lithuania, captured by Red Army. Polish Underground Army in Warsaw began open fighting against Germans.
General.—Marshal Mannerheim became Finnish President in place of Ryti.

AUGUST 2, Wednesday *1,796th day*
Western Front.—Allied formations reached Vire, south of Caumont.
Air.—Flying-bomb depots and road and rail bridges in N. France attacked by Allied bombers.
Balkans.—Allied land, sea and air forces raided two islands off Dalmatian coast.
General.—Turkish Govt. broke off diplomatic and economic relations with Germany.

AUGUST 3, Thursday *1,797th day*
Western Front.—American armour reached Dinan and Rennes in Brittany.
Air.—Allied aircraft attacked flying-bomb depots in N. France, and railways at Saarbruecken and Strasbourg.
Russian Front.—Soviet troops forced the Vistula S.W. of Sandomierz.

AUGUST 4, Friday *1,798th day*
Western Front.—Second Army tanks reached Villers Bocage.
Air.—U.S. heavy bombers attacked experimental station at Peenemunde and German oil refineries.
Italy.—S. African troops of Eighth Army reached outskirts of Florence.
Burma.—All organized Japanese resistance ceased in Myitkyina.
General.—Purge of German Army announced.

AUGUST 5, Saturday *1,799th day*
Western Front.—Allied armour reached Redon in Brittany. Villers Bocage and Aunay-sur-Odon, Normandy, captured.
Air.—U.S. bombers attacked oil plants and armament works in Germany. R.A.F. dropped 12,000-lb. bombs on U-boat pens at Brest.
Russian Front.—Soviet troops captured Stryi, in Carpathian foothills.

AUGUST 6, Sunday *1,800th day*
Western Front.—German armoured attack at Mortain smashed by rocket-firing planes.
Air.—R.A.F. bombed flying-bomb bases and U-boat pens at Lorient. U.S. bombers again attacked German oil plants and armament works.
Russian Front.—Drohobycz, Polish oil centre, captured by Red Army. U.S. bombers from Britain landed in Russia after bombing aircraft works near Gdynia.
Mediterranean.—Allied bombers attacked railways and oil storage areas in Rhone Valley and U-boat pens at Toulon.
Pacific.—First of three attacks by Allied aircraft on Davao airfield, Philippines.

AUGUST 7, Monday *1,801st day*
Western Front.—1st Canadian Army launched offensive south of Caen.
Air.—More than 1,000 R.A.F. bombers attacked German line south of Caen.
Russian Front.—Borislav, chief Polish oil centre, captured by Soviet troops. U.S. bombers attacked oil refinery in Poland from Russian bases.

AUGUST 8, Tuesday *1,802nd day*
Western Front.—Canadians made progress towards Falaise.
Air.—More than 600 U.S. bombers operated in support of Allied troops in Caen area.
Russian Front.—U.S. bombers left Russian bases, bombed Rumanian airfields, and landed in Italy.
Germany.—Field Marshal Witzleben and seven other high officers condemned and hanged for plot against Hitler.
China.—Hengyang, on Hankow-Canton railway, fell to Japanese after two months' siege.
General.—Announced that Polish armoured division was in action with Canadians in Normandy.

AUGUST 9, Wednesday *1,803rd day*
Western Front.—Le Mans occupied by Allied forces.
Mediterranean.—Allied aircraft bombed lock-gates of important canal near Venice, and oil plants and airfields in Hungary.
Sea.—Announced that number of U-boats sunk during the war exceeded 500, greater than number of merchant ships sunk.
General.—Gen. Eisenhower's H.Q. moved from Britain to France.

AUGUST 10, Thursday *1,804th day*
Air.—Allied aircraft attacked railway targets east, north-east and south-east of Paris and bombed fuel depots.
Far East.—Super-Fortresses bombed Nagasaki, Japan, and Palembang oil refinery, Sumatra.
Pacific.—All organized Japanese resistance ceased in Guam.
General.—Formation of joint Anglo-American airborne force announced. Removal of Gen. Maitland Wilson's H.Q. from N. Africa to Italy announced.

AUGUST 11, Friday *1,805th day*
Western Front.—Allied troops entered Angers and Nantes.
Italy.—Announced that German troops had withdrawn north of Florence.
General.—Announced that Mr. Churchill had arrived in Italy.

AUGUST 12, Saturday *1,806th day*
Western Front.—German 7th Army began to withdraw from Mortain-Vire sector.
Air.—R.A.F. made heavy night attacks on Brunswick and Opel works at Russelsheim.
Mediterranean.—U.S. bombers on shuttle-trip bombed airfield near Toulouse from Italian base and returned to Britain.
General.—Mr. Churchill met Marshal Tito and Yugoslav Premier in Italy.

AUGUST 13, Sunday *1,807th day*
Western Front.—Announced that American troops from Le Mans had reached Argentan, south of Falaise.
Air.—Allied aircraft harried German withdrawal in France; over 1,000 heavy bombers attacked roads on the Seine, from the sea to Paris.
Mediterranean.—Allied bombers attacked railway bridges in Southern France.

AUGUST 14, Monday *1,808th day*
Western Front.—Canadians resumed offensive towards Falaise in conjunction with U.S. troops from Argentan.
Air.—R.A.F. bombers attacked German positions before Canadian advance. Transport facilities in France and Germany heavily bombed by Allies.
Russian Front.—Osowiec, stronghold 18 miles from E. Prussia, captured by Soviet troops.
Mediterranean.—Allied heavy bombers continued to attack military installations in S. France and N.W. Italy.
General.—Announced that French armoured division under Gen. Leclerc was operating in France.

AUGUST 15, Tuesday *1,809th day*
Mediterranean.—British, U.S. and French troops landed on southern coast of France between Nice and Marseilles; airborne landings also carried out.
General.—Announced that American Third Army was in action in Northern France, under Gen. P[illegible].

★ *Flash-backs* ★

1940

August 7. *British made military agreement with Gen. de Gaulle.*
August 15. *Croydon airport bombed in German daylight raid.*

1941

August 15. *Soviet-Polish military agreement signed in Moscow.*

1942

August 5. *Germans captured Voroshilovsk and crossed River Kuban.*

1943

August 4. *Russians captured Orel.*
August 5. *British troops entered Catania, Sicily.*
August 12. *U.S. aircraft bombed Japanese bases in Kurile Is.*
August 14. *Italian Government declared Rome an open city.*
August 15. *U.S. and Canadian forces landed on Kiska Island, in the Aleutians.*

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

THE part played by air power in the invasion of Normandy was referred to by Air Chief Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory, C.-in-C. Allied Expeditionary Air Force. He made these important points:

Before the invasion constant watch was maintained over the Channel by Allied aircraft. The moment German reconnaissance planes appeared they were chased back. In the six weeks prior to the invasion the Luftwaffe made but 129 reconnaissance flights, of which only 11 penetrated to the English coast.

Because our air power had smashed all enemy radiolocation stations, the movement of the colossal fleet steaming from the English coast since six o'clock on the morning of the previous day was not known to the enemy until one o'clock on the morning of D-Day. He lost many valuable hours for troop movement.

Here is the reverse side of the picture. If air forces on both sides had been completely wiped out the invasion would not have been attempted. The Germans, with the magnificent communications of Northern Europe, would have been able to build up their forces in the lodgement area at a speed which would have made it impossible for us to embark on the operation with any hope of success.

Turning again to the obverse side, in the three months before D-Day Allied air forces from the United Kingdom destroyed over 2,600 German aircraft in combat. In 2 months since D-Day 1,800 were destroyed in the battle area. In July Allied aircraft destroyed 400 tanks. When the Americans broke through at Coutances, Allied fighter-bombers destroyed 147 enemy tanks in one day. In July fighter-bombers destroyed over 3,000 German motor transport vehicles.

THIS is nothing short of a turning of the tables. In the first Battle of France in 1940 the Luftwaffe enjoyed air supremacy and their armoured forces were as powerful on the ground. They swept across France with astonishing speed. Today the Germans are reaping where they sowed. In the same area from which the last British troops were evacuated from France during the night of June 19-20, 1940—from the same ports of Cherbourg, St. Malo, Brest, and St. Nazaire—the present Allied counter-assault is proceeding under conditions as favourable to Allied arms as those that favoured German arms in France in 1940. Indeed the conditions are more favourable, for the Germans cannot evacuate Europe and retire, as we did, into a base where we could prepare for the return stroke.

It is now increasingly clear that the turning-point of the whole war was the August-October Battle of Britain in 1940, when about 1,000 first-line aircraft of Fighter Command and the Anti-Aircraft Command between them inflicted the first defeat upon the Wehrmacht. Note that that was before Hitler took over the supreme command of the German forces. The Battle of Britain was won against the professional German general staff. Now, after four years of continuous air warfare against the Luftwaffe, the Allied air forces have gained complete supremacy of the air, and obtained for the Allied Expeditionary Force the conditions which the Luftwaffe failed to provide for the German expeditionary force of 1940.

DURING the four years which have elapsed, technical advances in aircraft have been marked—in range of flight, load carried, operational height, and speed. The Mosquito can carry to Berlin twice the bomb-load at double the speed of some of the bombers we possessed when the war began, and it does this more safely with a crew of two than the former aircraft did with crews of four and five. We did not have a fighter-bomber when the war began; now we have a whole stable of them. Of this type Mallory said: "The fighter-bomber is a splendid weapon for exploiting a victory, and when the enemy begins to fall back all along the line it is a weapon we intend to use to the utmost."

Production of the Hurricane ceased during the first half of August 1944. The latest Hawker fighter is the Tempest. It has been used against the flying bombs (some carrying about 20 incendiaries), powered with the 2,200 h.p. Napier Sabre engine; a 24-cylinder, liquid-cooled, sleeve-valve H-type engine hitherto used in the Typhoon.

Group Capt. J. D'ARCY BAKER-CARR, A.F.C., was chiefly responsible for the development of the rocket projectile used by our Typhoons, with which he had experimented since August 1942. Aged 38, with 15½ years service in the R.A.F., he was previously a fighter pilot.
Photo, British Official

The jet-propelled Messerschmitt-163 fighter has been reported in action, first on July 30 and again on August 9, 1944. This aircraft has a single jet-propulsion unit. So far it has shown no advantage over Allied fighter aircraft. The jet-propelled fighter is essentially a high-altitude machine, and would not shine at the lower levels. It is therefore unlikely in its present form to make a good fighter-bomber, or to be a practical instrument in the Normandy fighting.

MEANWHILE, all over Europe the air war against German oil supplies continues as the major strategic employment of air power. Attacks against communications form the principal strategico-tactical task. Tactical engagement includes attacks against the launching sites and storage depots of the flying bombs, and concentrated operations within the fighting zones in France and Italy. In Normandy, Bomber Command applied its area bombing methods with success around Caen, with the Army units ready for immediate follow up. The precision of these attacks is their most remarkable feature, despite the fact that in one such bombardment the Command can drop as great a weight of high-explosive in 20 minutes as the artillery could fire in a week!

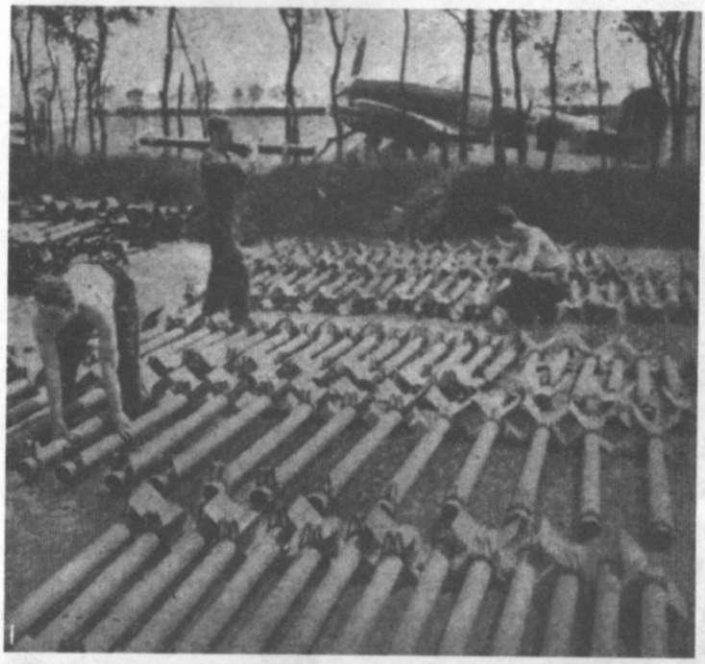
Fighting ceased on Guam by August 10. The use of the air bases captured in the Marianas Islands has brought the air ring tighter around Japanese-occupied territory. From the Marianas air attacks have been made against the Volcano Islands 690 miles from Japan, and against targets in Mindanao in the Philippines. The oil centre of Palembang in Sumatra has been bombed from West New Guinea.

The ejection of the Japanese from Myitkyina (Burma), has enabled greater supplies to be flown to China, for the aircraft have been re-routed over a lower section of the mountains. Even petrol for U.S. aircraft operating from within China must be flown in in this way, and the bombing of Japan proper by Super-Fortresses depends on this. Latest raid was against Nagasaki. Hengyang, one of the bases from which Japan proper is bombed, was captured by the enemy on August 8.

Allied airborne combat troops, transport aircraft and gliders that carry them, in Western Europe have been combined into one command approximating to the size of an Army of the Allied Expeditionary Force in France. Its commander is 45-years-old U.S. Lt.-Gen. L. H. Brereton, with British Lt.-Gen. F. A. M. Browning as Deputy Commander.

R.A.F SERVICING COMMANDOS prepare a fighter for action at a forward dispersal point in a Normandy cornfield. While Commandos lift a bomb from the ground before loading it onto the plane, an armourer, perched on a wing, attends to its machine-guns and cannon. The sheaves of corn in the foreground had been carefully "stooked" to prevent damage by the planes to this valuable food. *Photo, British Official*

Typhoon Rockets Smashed Great Panzer Thrust



ANSWERING A CALL for maximum air support received from the Americans on Aug. 8, 1944, during a massive panzer counter-attack directed towards the rea near Avranches, south of Cherbourg, rocket-firing Typhoons o' our Tactical Air Force lost no time going into action—and won the greatest aircraft-versus-tank victory of the war to that date. In all, some 135 German tanks and 200 vehicles were accounted for.

Rows of rockets lie ready to replenish the Typhoons (1). German communications were also attacked ; smoke trails mark the rockets' downward course (2). French peasants examine wonderingly an enemy tank blown on its back by a Typhoon (3). Wing Cmdr. C. Green, D.S.O., D.F.C. (4), led a Typhoon wing ; it destroyed 38, probably destroyed 14 others, and damaged 12 German tanks, firing more than 800 rockets and 24,000 rounds of ammunition. Devastation wrought by the Typhoons (5). Rocket projectiles were first designed as anti-aircraft missiles and for attacks on enemy shipping.

Photos, British Official

The 'Factory Removers' Went to Colombelles

POUNDED TO RUBBLE by the R.A.F. was this huge cement works at Colombelles, an industrial district north-east of Caen in Normandy. The Germans had made good use of its high points as observation posts from which to watch British movements. Together with German guns and snipers concealed there, it was obliterated by the new and terrifically powerful bombs known as "factory removers" during a concentrated attack on this area on July 18, 1944.

Photo, British Official

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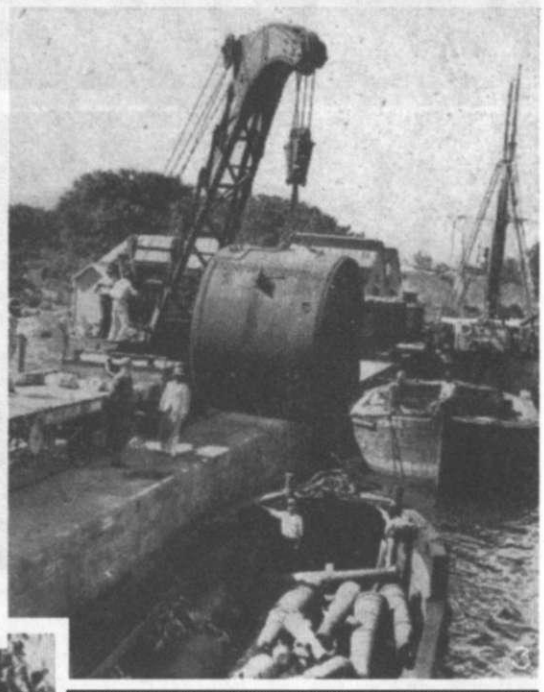
Britain's Colonies in the War: No. 13—Mauritius

STOUT SUPPORT from another small but strong British Empire island, Mauritius, which became a British colony in 1814, aids the United Nations towards victory. Lying in the Indian Ocean, in Port Louis it has vital links with Colombo, Durban and Madagascar (see map). Cyclones which frequently sweep the island would destroy crops such as corn, so the cultivation of sugar cane, which usually stands up to such conditions, is the main industry, although some tea and fibre hemp are also produced. Recent Government grants voted Mauritius and Jamaica £35,000 for the development of the sugar industry and, perhaps more important, installation of food yeast factories. Food yeast, which looks like a cereal, is rich in protein and will play a big part in future world dietary. Mauritius has its own regiment fully trained for modern warfare. Salvage forms another useful contribution; while wartime restrictions of food supplies are eased by special Nutrition Demonstration Units.

Mauritians are eager to learn how to make best use of their food from the demonstration experts (1). Sugar cane is brought in high-wheeled carts to factories for processing (2). Barges unload scrap metal at a quayside (3). Under jungle conditions the Mauritius Regiment trains (4). *Photos, British Official*



Editor's Postscript

I HAVE just had a letter from a Welsh M.P. who has been appealed to by some of his constituents to redress a wrong committed by one of my assistants. But "committed" is hardly the word, as it concerns an omission. By a process of guessing and sleuthing I suspect my correspondent may be Mr. James Griffiths, Labour M.P. for Llanelly, for the signature offers only a dim clue to his identity. I might state the gravamen of the charge thus: that I did knowingly cause to be drawn and reproduced in No. 176 of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED a certain illustration, to wit a map, chart, or diagram purporting to show the strategic importance of Ulster in this War, and did omit therefrom the name of a certain region of the island of Great Britain, to wit the Principality of Wales. Indeed, my correspondent could have strengthened the indictment by pointing out (as I have just blushed to notice) that the word ENGLAND in the said diagram (for it is *not* a map) impinges upon Welsh territory to the extent of EN. Now, I used to keep a form-letter of reply to those perfervid Scots who rush to their inkpots whenever they see England or English used where the word should more correctly be Britain or British; but this is the first time that I have come up against the racial and territorial pride of the Welsh! I would not tolerate the slightest affront to gallant little Wales, but the fact is that the diagram had no occasion to mention Wales, and hardly any need to indicate Scotland and England, as the outline of the British Isles is surely familiar to every reader, and the place names that mattered were given. The essential lines of Ulster's strategic importance towards America and Europe were very clearly shown, and *that* was the sole purpose of the diagram—a very instructive one, let me add. Thus, oddly enough, I find myself apologizing for an error of my own discovery which was not in the original charge: the draughtsman had no right to start the word England well over the border of Wales. In a map properly so-called that would be inexcusable, in a sketchy diagram I hope the offence may be forgiven.

WHAT sort of a propagandist Goebbels would be if he were left alone it is impossible to say. With Hitler always butting in, the Doctor's efforts to humbug the German people and mislead foreigners are ludicrously ineffective. What could be more confusing to Germans, and disheartening as well, than the absurd stories concocted about the plot against the Fuehrer? The wisest thing would have been to say nothing about it, just to round up the ringleaders quietly and liquidate them. When Hitler yelled "The generals want to kill me!" millions of his dupes must have asked themselves, "Why do they want to kill him?" For the first time their silly minds began to entertain doubts as to his being the man they thought him to be. No one could have struck so telling a blow against him as he struck himself. I should think, too, Goebbels must, being a clever journalist, see how stupid it is to shout threats of what secret weapons are going to do. Raising hopes that are not to be fulfilled has the worst results on morale. The Americans were prudent enough not to say a word about their new explosive until it had actually been used against Japanese forces with devastating consequences.

EINSTEIN is said to have had a hand in preparing that compound, which appears to be more appallingly destructive than anything previously devised. He is known to have been working for the U.S. Navy's Ordnance Bureau. That shows how far the atrocities committed by Germans against Jews and others have moved the world-famous professor from his former pacifist attitude. He is an American citizen now and lives at Princeton, the pleasant university town, where he carries on his researches into gravity and electro-magnetism in a bare study which has little in it but a deal table and deal shelves filled with books. He does not spend much time in reading though. He says over-indulgence in books weakens the capacity for thought, which I am sure is true. He does not over-indulge in tobacco, either; he smokes only three pipes a day. He does not drink at all—alcoholically, I mean. He can often be met in a Woolworth store, beaming on his fellow-customers and picking out five or ten cent articles that may come in useful some day, he says.

WE used to hear often enough during the interval between the wars that another world-wide conflict would "destroy civilization." Hardly anyone took any notice. Almost everybody fancies that the conditions in which they happen to live are unalterable, eternal; their imaginations are not equal to picturing any other conditions. But in how many ways has that prediction been fulfilled during the past five years! Civilization has not been destroyed, perhaps, but it has been suspended in numerous directions. We have cars, but we cannot use them. We have brought aircraft to a high pitch of efficiency, but they are not for any but the armed forces and a very few persons who travel on war errands. It used to take little more than six hours to get to Edinburgh by a fast train. Now it takes between ten and eleven. Then consider the shortage of books. Books are a necessary element of civilization. Yet it is hard, if not impossible, in Britain today to buy those which are most worth reading, because they are not being re-issued as they used to be. Cheap editions of famous works are for the time being a thing of the past. An enormous quantity of paper is still wasted—on foreign political pamphlets, for example; but publishers are kept very short.

Lt.-Gen. F. E. MORGAN, C.B., whom Mr. Churchill, in his speech on August 3, 1944, named as the head of the British and American staff behind the Normandy invasion planning. Aged 50, he served with distinction with the Royal Artillery in the 1914-18 war.

HOW hard it is to arrive at the truth about anything has been amusingly illustrated by a dispute in newspapers as to how Leghorn should be pronounced. Some persons who have lived there contend that Leghorn is right with the accent on the "orn." Others, also claiming to know their Italy well, say the Italians put the accent on the "Leg" as most of us do. In modern Italian the name is not Leghorn at all, but Livorno, which appears to be a lazy corruption of the other. Some Italians, however, appear to say Legorn or Leg-orn still. I have never been more struck by the conflicting statements about what ought to be easily ascertainable facts than when controversy arose as to the expression Herr Bethmann-Hollweg used at the beginning of the 1914-18 war about the Treaty which guaranteed the independence of Belgium. When he was told by the British Ambassador in Berlin that Britain considered herself bound by that instrument, the German Chancellor said something about "a scrap of paper." Sir Edward Goschen, our Ambassador, told Mr. Valentine Williams, then a correspondent in Berlin, that his words were *ein Stück Papier*. Later, Goschen said the conversation was conducted in English! The Chancellor himself stated that his expression was *ein Fetzen papier*. So what can one believe?

THE French countess whose château in Normandy was used as headquarters by a German staff and almost entirely ruined by our bombs, and who said when our troops arrived, "Your bombing did some good!" (see story in p. 249), had her counterpart in one of the Devon farmers turned out for a time so that American troops might practice warfare over his ground. Now this bit of country near Kingsbridge is being restored to those who lived there. This particular farmer went back a week or two ago and looked at the shattered buildings and devastated fields. But he had in his pocket a newspaper telling of the splendid way the Americans had driven the Germans before them in Normandy and Brittany, and all he said was, "Well, it was worth while. They made good use of our land if they learned to fight like that on it!"

NOT many people seem to know much about the City Companies, the livery guilds which have survived from the centuries when all members of a trade had to belong to one, and when they played a very useful part in the organization of industry—an indispensable part, indeed. The City means the City of London, the square mile over which the Corporation rules with the Lord Mayor at its head, and which is said to represent more money than any other square mile in the world. Each of the Companies had a Hall of its own. Most of them were fine old buildings. They numbered thirty-five. Now only five stand unscathed by bombing. Others can be repaired. Twenty-three have been completely destroyed, and the question is, Shall they be rebuilt when rebuilding is possible? Mostly they were used for purely social purposes. I used to dine with the Clothworkers, the Saddlers, the Carpenters, the Skinners, the Vintners in the years when the City Corporation and its Companies were attacked by Radicals for uselessness and extravagance. Very elaborate dinners they gave, and some of them presented each guest with a box of most expensive chocolates in a velvet or red leather case. It was extravagant, but they had plenty of money much of which was devoted to charities. Now, though they are less wealthy, they have many other uses for their funds.

Photo, British Official